messing about in BOATS

Volume 32 – Number 1

May 2014

Special Features This Issue

The Hull Snow Row – Ice Bound
Adventures in Greenland Paddling
Florida Bay Cruise – *Princess Anne*
Peter Duff Builds Himself a Schooner
The Melonseed Project – From the Tiki Hut

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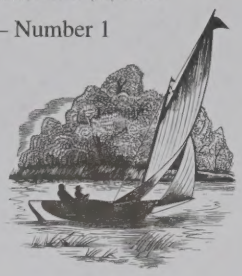

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Looks like I'll be getting in another season of paddling this year. From where I'm at on my life's time scale, planning for the future means planning for the next year. After that, who knows... As friend Charlie and I survived the winter okay and are ready to go when the ice goes out (just starting to break up at the end of March) and the water warms up some, we already are looking forward to outings on a variety of small rivers within an hour or two driving time. We usually hold off until the water temperature gets up towards 60° as we do not wear wet/dry suits and so have to consider hypothermia even on small streams, should either of us fall in from some clumsy maneuver. It's not always possible to get ashore quickly in stretches where the rivers wind through extensive marshlands.

Nearest to me is a nice smallish river, the Ipswich, which winds about 38 miles from its source to the sea. It has no whitewater, just a few riffles at certain water levels. It has three man-made dams, two from industrial water power days, the third right where once stood a landed gentry estate, long since turned over to the state as a park. It also has lotsa beaver dams, which soon emerge from the spring runoff high water, what with several communities pumping water out into their reservoirs while it's there. These beaver dams are minor obstacles to the canoeists who enjoy the river but Charlie cannot get out of his kayak without a wheelchair nearby to transfer into so we cannot portage, thus limiting our access.

Another obstacle for us is limited access at the put-ins, which are nearly all steep-to embankments accessible for anyone who can carry a canoe or kayak down them to the water. Many volunteers have done a nice job setting up these put-ins along the course of the Ipswich, but only a couple have access negotiable by a wheelchair. It appears that nobody thought about this, an understandable oversight for the normally able paddlers who comprise the overwhelming majority of paddlers. So, we have to make do with a couple of accessible locations and shortish stretches of river between beaver dams. All our outings are out-and-back affairs (no car shuttling as we'd need a wheelchair at each end) so we double whatever distance we can find between those beaver dams (we usually like to do 6-8 mile round trips if possible).

So why bother at all? We do also paddle on several more open and accessible flatwater rivers in the eastern part of Massachusetts. Well, the Ipswich is very scenic with a lot of indigenous wildlife, all amidst what appears to be the greater Boston suburban sprawl. It also has several tributary brooks large enough when the water is high for our small 14' kayaks to investigate. These meander off into adjacent marshlands, which we find to be great fun to explore up to where the meandering channels close in. Achieving a sense of being "out there" so close to home is rewarding for us, we're not adventurers out in the real outdoors where it is now too much for us to safely handle.

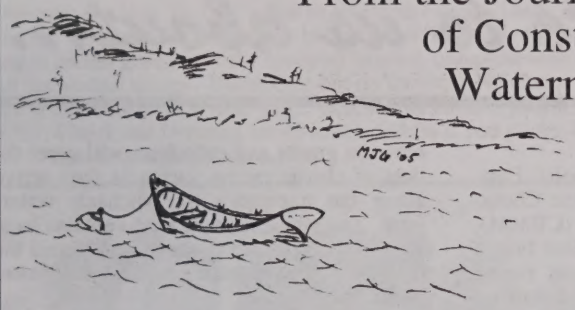
From time to time we paddle on lakes that have interesting shorelines and sometimes islands. We do circumnavigations along the shorelines, poking into every little bay and tributary stream, thus making the experience sort of a one-sided river trip. There are many interesting looking such lakes in eastern Massachusetts, unfortunately for us some of the most promising are reservoirs for Boston and its surrounding cities, closed to boating. These lakes are artificial in that they were once free flowing streams long ago dammed up for water supplies, and the flooded terrain creates really interesting shorelines.

The assortment of options open to us are sufficient for a season of maybe two dozen outings. All are on weekdays so we pretty much have them to ourselves. Familiarity has not yet bred contempt, but we do still seek out potential new adventures. Finding new places to paddle, obscure perhaps, and sometimes disappointing, add spice to our season on the water.

On the Cover...

With Spring now arrived, here is a last nostalgic look at the charms of the winter past. Christine Honan caught this image of her dad and his brother heading out in the Snow Row in early March, more of her photos on page 8 in this issue. It's been a classic New England winter, lots of snow falling, covering the ground and then sparkling in the aftermath, sunlight pouring down from crystal blue skies at 0°F. All you folks in Florida missed this winter wonderland!

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

I walked into the offices of the our local paper yesterday, my new book clenched, to enquire about the article I presumed they would write about me. The editor in chief, whom I sought, was on vacation. Who ever heard of a newspaperman on vacation? Probably just following up a hot lead in the Bahamas. I met the features editor, who kindly relieved me of the weight of my book and hid it among the papers on her desk. She took down *MoonWind's* vital statistics, then asked me whether I had a picture of myself they could utilize in the paper.

"Well," I said. "There's a great one of me playing in the sawdust hill out by the portable sawmill on our upper forty back in '52."

"Maybe something more recent," she suggested. "Maybe something with boats in it. Or water."

"Oh," I answered. "Water. How 'bout the one of me bare-assed-naked, leaping from the rope swing over the swimming hole up behind Rich Island?"

"Well," she said. "I thought maybe something…"

"I have a snapshot of a dinghy I used to own," I said. "You could maybe splice them together: have me leaping off the swing into the dinghy."

She gave me one of those looks. The same look my wife gives me when she can't understand why they didn't drown me as a puppy. The features editor stepped into the next office and returned with a lovely young woman. That's a trick I've been meaning to learn these past twenty years or so. Every time I step into the office next to mine, all I find is another desk piled with overdue bills. "This is our photographer," she said.

"Where would you like me to take your picture?" this young woman asked.

"How 'bout aboard my sailboat?" I quipped.

"Fine," she said. "I'll meet you on your boat at half past eight."

"It'll be a bit dark," I said.

"Half past eight tomorrow morning," she said.

As soon as I returned to Noank, I turned to. At our marina I went to the office and explained my dilemma. "I need to borrow a slip for just one night," I said.

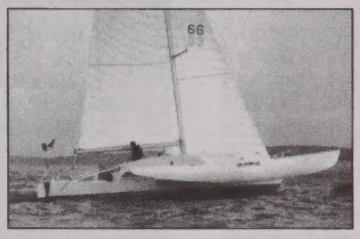
They kindly found me a slip. I paddled my yellow kayak out to *MoonWind* on her mooring. I dragged the kayak aboard and started my motor; put out fenders, rigged some dock lines, and practiced waving my boathook. I motored into the slip and went to work. By the time I finished scrubbing *MoonWind* and wrestling with the hose, I was nearly as clean as she was, and probably wetter.

This morning I rose at five o'clock, dosed myself with coffee, and limited my computer time to two hours. Though suffering severe computer withdrawal symptoms, I hastened to the boatyard and polished my mooring lines. At half past eight, I met the photographer in front of the Seahorse Restaurant. The next half hour, I posed in a sailorly fashion aboard my boat and listened to my companion swear at her camera. I have to admit I was disappointed: I learned only one new word. She has the swearing down pat. Once she learns nautical jargon, she'll be able to pass for an old salt at the Seahorse. She's presently an avid sailboarder. I enjoy watching sailboards zip about the sound, but I always thought that spending a weekend aboard one might have its drawbacks.

After her departure, I filled my fuel and water tanks, and brought my smaller genoa ashore to have it mended. I taped up the tear in my mast boot and checked the oil in my outboard. Then I motored back to the mooring field. West Cove dimpled. The breeze blew a gentle six knots. The sun smiled down as I kayaked back to the pier. The rest of this beautiful day, I buffed a customer's sailboat and thought of reasons to skip work and go off sailing.

"Arethusa"
N.G. Herreshoff designed Buzzards Bay 25
Built in 1996

"Edith"
L.F. Herreshoff designed Rozinante
Built in 1995



"Olympus"
Dick Newick designed for the 1980 singlehanded Transatlantic
Built in 1979

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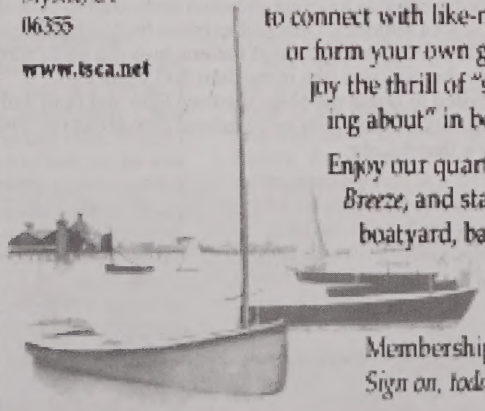


You write to us about...

Activities & Experiences...

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum News
www.cbmm.org

Schooner *Sultana* Visit May 4-10

On the afternoon of Sunday, May 4 and through the early morning of Saturday, May 10, the schooner *Sultana* is scheduled to visit CBMM. The *Sultana* will be open for boarding to all museum visitors from 2:30pm to 4:30pm on Tuesday, May 6. The *Sultana* serves as an on-the-water classroom for learning about the history and environment of the Chesapeake Bay. An almost exact replica of a British schooner that patrolled the North American coast just prior to the American Revolution, *Sultana* provides day-long programs as well as live-aboard programs for participants.

Niña & Pinta Visit May 10-18

Replicas of two of Christopher Columbus' ships, the *Niña* and *Pinta*, will dock at CBMM May 10-18, with boarding opportunities available to the public. The ships are operated by the Columbus Foundation out of the British Virgin Islands. The *Niña* is an exact replica and was built completely by hand and without the use of power tools before her 1991 launch. The *Pinta*, an authentic reproduction of Christopher Columbus' ship, was launched in 2005 in Valenca, Brazil. She is a larger version of the archetypal caravel and offers larger deck space for walk-aboard tours, private parties, and charters.

Both ships tour together as a sailing museum dedicated to educating the public and school children. Onboard exhibits highlight the history of the Age of Discovery, navigation of the era, how the ships were built, and a taste of what life was like more than 500 years ago.

Visitors are invited to board the ships between 9am and 6pm daily for unscheduled, self-guided tours. For more information about the *Niña* and *Pinta*, visit www.thenina.org.

Elf Classic Yacht Race May 17

Launching early from Annapolis' Eastport Yacht Club and ending at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM), the 4th annual *Elf* Classic Yacht Race brings the centuries-old tradition of yacht racing back to the Chesapeake Bay on Saturday, May 17. Proceeds from the race benefit the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild (CYRG) and CBMM, where race participants will be greeted and the winners announced later in the day.

The race is organized by CYRG and features America's oldest active racing yacht, the 1888 *Elf*. Restored by the CYRG to historically accurate condition and re-launched in 2008, the *Elf* is a Lawley-built 30' class cutter that pioneered offshore yacht cruising in 1893 by being the first small craft to cruise round-trip from Marblehead, Massachusetts to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

For the May 17th race, a fleet of classic yachts will join *Elf* in a cloud of traditional sail for an 1880s-style race. Featuring a nautical "Le Mans start," the race begins with each yacht's captain first rowing a tender to his vessel before raising anchor and setting sail across the Chesapeake Bay.

The race concludes at the St. Michaels harbor on the Miles River at CBMM, where museum guests and onlookers will greet the fleet of classic racing yachts as they arrive along the museum's St. Michaels waterfront. The race ends when the captains have anchored off, rowed to shore, and signed the race log at the museum's historic Tolchester Beach Bandstand.

For more information, visit www.cyrg.org or www.cbmm.org. (Photo credit Rick Carrion).

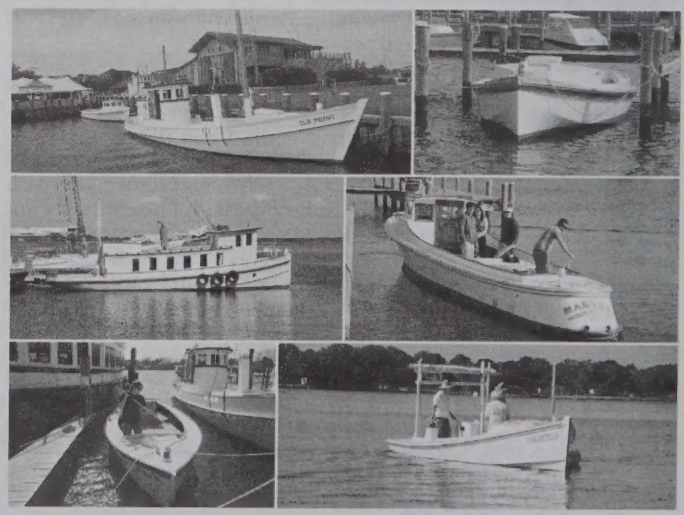
The historic 1888 yacht *Elf* sailing along the Sassafras River with "a bone in her teeth."

Floating Fleet Day May 31

On Saturday, May 31, CBMM will host Floating Fleet Day, where visitors can experience the Miles River aboard an authentic Chesapeake wooden workboat. For a nominal fee, 30-minute boat rides will be offered between noon and 3 p.m. aboard many of CBMM's floating fleet, including the1934 Hooper Island dovetail *Martha*, the 1912 river tug *Delaware*, the 1909 crab dredger *Old Point*, the 1931 Potomac River dory, the 2000 Smith Island crabbing skiff *Volunteer*, and the tuck-up stern, Jackson-built *Pot Pie* skiff. The boat rides are scheduled for 12n, 1pm, 2pm, and 3pm.

The event is held in conjunction with the museum's 10th Maritime Model Expo, which takes place Saturday & Sunday. The Model Expo offers pond demonstrations, model boat races, model boat exhibits, family activities, food, and more.

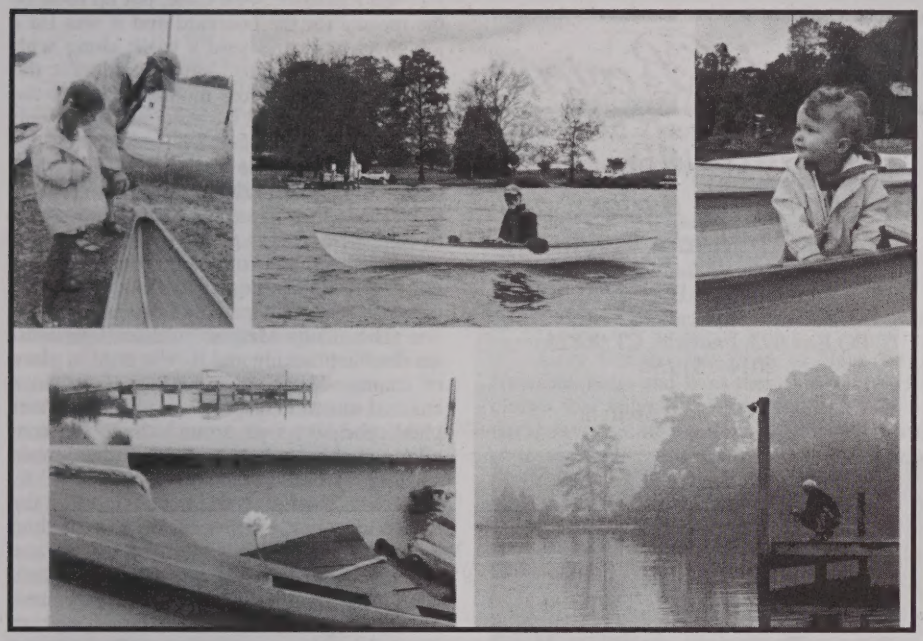
Pictured clockwise, from top left: the 1909 crab dredger *Old Point*; the 1931 Potomac River dory; the 1934 Hooper Island dovetail *Martha*; the 2000 Smith Island crabbing skiff *Volunteer*; the tuck-up stern, Jackson-built Pot Pie skiff; and the 1912 river tug *Delaware*.



Urbanna Small Boat Meet May 17-18

While the dates for the Urbanna Small Boat Meet for the traditional 3rd weekend in May this year are May 17-18 it's fine to arrive on Friday. There's usually a breeze at some point during the weekend, and there's no lack of good friends to visit or beautiful places to paddle. Camping is on the grounds of the Freeport Marina, complete with boats, chickens, calves, sheep, and an occasional turkey. Bathrooms but no showers. No charge, but we take up a collection so that we'll be invited back next year. For details contact mama5england@hotmail.com, (804 758-2721. Check out Urbanna for its lovely B&Bs if you prefer. http://urbanna.com/.

Vera England, Urbanna, VA



Thoreau's Maine Woods Exhibit

The Harvard Museum of Natural History is hosting an exhibit of special interest to lovers of canoes, Maine woods and waters, indigenous watercraft, New England history or Thoreau. Through September 1, "Thoreau's Maine Woods: A Journey in Photographs with Scot Miller" is on display, check http://www.hmnh.harvard.edu/special_exhibits/index.php. The Museum is located just northeast of Harvard Square, check the campus map at http://map.harvard.edu/. Parking in the area is very limited; see rail, subway and parking suggestions at http://www.hmnh.harvard.edu/plan_your_visit/directions_and_parking.html.

Steve Lapey, Groveland, MA

Information of Interest...

More About *Rowsie*

I was glad to see Susan Gateley's article about *Rowsie* getting into the movies. She is an excellent writer. Her latest books, *Legends and Lore of Lake Ontario*, and *Maritime Tales of Lake Ontario* are not only excellent sources of Lake history, but really good fun reading. That skiff *Rowsie*, is a wonderful piece of the Lake Ontario watercraft history. It is a St. Lawrence skiff used and built in and around the eastern part of lake Ontario and the Thousand Islands area of New York. *Rowsie* was likely a "livery skiff" rented by tourists and fishermen. Most vacation cottages and outfitters used them almost exclusively due to their light weight and easy rowing capabilities, stability and somewhat inexpensive building costs (at the time). The cost of labor back in the late 1800s to the 1920s was a fraction of a fraction of today's costs. They are good looking boats as well.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster NY

Check Out Spike Hampson's Adventure

I happened onto a web site (www.spikehampson.com) that would be of interest to many *MAIB* readers. It relates the Spike's experiences on what must be one of the most ambitious small boat trips ever. It is still in progress; he is doing it in sections, with layoffs between. A resident of Salt Lake City, he was looking for the closest place to his home to get his 16' home-built boat into the Missouri River via a tributary, and started by investigating the Wind River, that morphs into the Big Horn River after it passes through the Wind River Canyon, downstream from Boysen Dam. The water in that canyon is not suitable for a small boat, and he decided to launch at Worland, WY. His proposed route is down the Missouri, then up the Mississippi, cut over to Chicago into the Great Lakes and to the Atlantic, down the coast, into the Caribbean and thence into South American rivers. I haven't read nearly all of the logs yet, but it is interesting reading.

James Broten, St. Paul, MN

Opinions...

Sea Kayaker Magazine Demise

Surprise, I thought it had died a few years ago. In 1980 I bought my first sea kayak. I knew Mr. Dowd and Mr. Cunningham. Little was known about the craft at that time. When I first met Mr. Dowd people had told me he was pretty set on himself and very opinionated. I found that to be my impression as well. It did not take me long to figure out that by trying to see people had proper training in the use of the vessels, the safety aspects of the sport, that it was going to take someone with that nature to get the attention of the public and the sellers of the product to allow us to practice the sport without government intervention.

At that point I subscribed and became a convert to his safety line. Some of the articles scared the hell out of me, but they made me think aboutt what was going on in the environment I was paddling in and thus equipped myself and my craft accordingly. After about five years the magazine was repeating itself and I lost interest.

I have had several incidents in my paddling time but because I was properly trained and equipped, they turned out to be non-events. I had taken personal responsibility for my safety and it worked. Exactly what he was preaching.

I have owned several sea kayaks. One I paddled over 15,000 miles before I quit keeping track. I paddled lakes, rivers and much time in Puget Sound and several open ocean paddles. I owe *Sea Kayaker* magazine some of the credit for my ability to keep paddling in good health.

Gene Galipeau, Stanwood, WA

This Magazine...

It's the Personality

I greatly enjoyed your "Commentary" about *Sea Kayaker,* sobering as it was. Having subscribed to the magazine off and on since its inception I almost felt guilty for not being steadfastly faithful. However I did reflect upon why my subscriptions intermittently lapsed. Magazines offer three things: knowledge (technique, product review, etc.), stories, and finally personality. Knowledge proliferates, updated and with video, on the internet. Stories can be had in books (edited, promoted, even downloadable) as well as on the internet and self-promoted.

Personality strikes me as the one aspect which a magazine can offer better than internet alternatives can. Blogs, chat rooms, reviews and miscellaneous comments on line all suffer from, well, lack of a good editor. There's no cohesive sense or satisfying style. I'll use the internet for information but I won't return to it for pleasure, not like picking up *MAIB* again with my morning coffee. I think you've hit on the survivor factor.

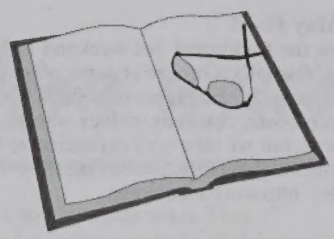
And so a check is in the mail to launch my official subscription. Alas, paper checks aren't as rare as Nina Pratt thinks, at least not as rare as Picasso's signature. He always paid with a check as his was collectable and never cashed.

Richard Brownlee, ADDRESS

Praise for Poetry

The poetry from that pirate poet, Craig Carter is really good and enjoyable reading. Poetry! Who woulda thunk! Topics are very interesting and thoughtful. The poem *Boundless Sea*, in the November issue is quite appropriate for a lot of us messers. Living outside the box, or outside the mainstream is not for the squeamish, but some of us just can't conform to what others think is the proper way. The Salty Bard makes that point in his *Boundless Sea* poem. We are all required to be responsible for ourselves and family, but I think there is in all of us, the understanding that in a different life or era we could easily have run away with the circus, or climbed aboard a tall ship, or built full-rigged ships and fully accepted the risks vs rewards. There are few who are lucky enough to be able to do that today, whether it is boat building, or running a business, inventing something or anything that requires some sort of living outside the box. *Boundless Sea* explains it well.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY



Book Review

Ed Cutts

Designer, Boat Builder, and "Cutts Method" Inventor

By Wayne Brown
Leeward Publications LLC
PO Box 693, Fairfield, CT 06824
2014 – $19.95

Reviewed by Ron Mclrvin

In 1937 a little ten year old boy told his father that he wanted to build wooden boats and he wanted to make his living at it. You know what, its hard to believe, but the little boy did it. During his lifetime he designed about 75 wooden boats and built about 50. Some were power boats and some sail. They were good looking craft with top notch construction and the majority built in the little boy's boatyard. The little boy's name is Edmund A. Cutts and he ran the Cutts & Case Shipyard in Oxford, Maryland. Ed designed the boats to fit the clients specifications and the boats were built by Ed and his shipyard crew.

This book by Wayne Brown is a biography of Ed's life, beginning with the Cutts family history which began in England and migrated to the US. Ed's family lived in Queens, New York. Ed's father, Vernon, worked for Borden Condensed Milk and also did carpentry work on weekends, was interested in small boats and used to take his son with him to boatyards on the weekends to see what was under construction. Ed's dad also built boat models which helped to encourage that interest in Ed. He was a lucky boy. During high school Ed's luck held as he was able to enroll at the Metropolitan Maritime High School in Manhattan which included a wooden boat building class in its curriculum.

Ed grew up during WWII and when he turned 18 served in the Navy from December 1944 to August 1946. His work entailed repairing and setup of fighter bomb racks and machine guns.

After the war jobs were scarce but finally Ed found a job typesetting, which he was quite good at. He studied boat design at night, including *the Common Sense of Yacht Design* by L. Frances Herreshoff. Ed also liked motorbikes. He finally got his courage up and rode his Indian Scout to Marblehead, Massachusetts, to meet Mr Herreshoff. Mr Herreshoff invited Ed into his house. He treated Ed well, reviewing Ed's sketches, making recommendations and answering his questions. Mr Herreshoff recommended that Ed get a job in a good boatyard so that he could learn about boats by working on them.

About this same time Ed and Maggie (Ed's girlfriend) decided to get married. This was in 1955, Ed was 28. They had a nice church wedding and suddenly Ed had a wife to support.

Ed finally found a boatyard job which turned out to be the first of four different boatyards that he worked in. The Nevins yard was the yard with the most experienced craftsmen and Ed felt that his experience there was the most valuable. Boatyard work was the best experience for Ed but the pay was low. It was tough balancing pay for his family against experience to increase his boat building skills. Ed then took a job with Grumman Aviation on Long Island. This enabled him to work on his own boat designs and construction at night and on the weekends.

On October 2, 1965, Ed Cutts and John Case bought a boatyard in Oxford, Maryland. John was a customer of Ed's and was a very successful businessman. Ed designed a 32' sloop for John and was scheduled to build it. Ed quit his job at Grumman, explained what he was doing and asked if he could have his old job back in a year if the boatyard venture failed. Grumman concurred and wished Ed well. Ed was 38 years old.

The Cutts loaded everything they owned and headed for Maryland. When they arrived at the boatyard and unloaded, he began work at the yard with relatively few problems. The work force at the yard learned that their new boss worked to exacting standards. The crew picked up on that right away and it wasn't long before they were producing some fine work.

Ed's partner, John Case, put up most of the money for the boatyard and it was Ed's job to manage the yard's work along with preparing his designs. John would visit the yard about every three months, go over the books,and meet with the accountant and with Ed. Mr Case was liked by Ed and they got along well. Mr Case encouraged Ed, when he had time, to experiment for improvements to be made in wooden boat construction and to find methods for greater protection from water damage and rot. Ed willingly did this and as a result developed the "Cutts Method" of construction and patented it.

The "Cutts Method" utilizes longitudinal double planking and Kevlar cord in place of frames. The Kevlar cord is placed in a channel routed into the outer side of the inner plank and wrapped around the boat from port gunwale to keel to starboard gunwale and are spaced longitudinally about 4"-6" apart. The Kevlar cords are epoxied into the routed channels. This construction method eliminates frames, plank frame screws and the time to fit these items. There is no steam bending required, no keel rabbets required, no caulking required and more. To learn more about this construction method contact Cutts & Case, Inc, PO Box 9, Oxford, MD 21654 and purchase their brochure on the "Cutts Method."

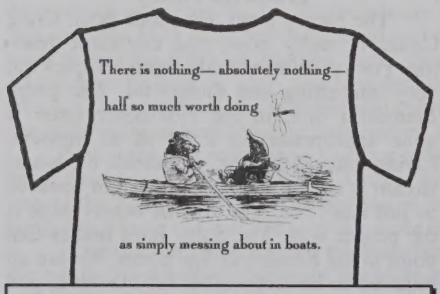
Ed's boat design method evolved around the methods used by the Herreshoffs, Nat and his son Frances. Ed prepared his designs based on those principles which were in Frances' book, *The Common Sense of Yacht Design*, and he carved half models of the hulls. The final drawings were prepared from those sources. Ed did not care for computers, as he said, he used his brain. Both Ed and his partner were wary about selling Ed's designs to another builder, amateur or professional, because if the plans were not followed a substandard hull could result and failure could possibly occur. They both wanted to avoid litigation.

One winter Chesapeake Bay was iced up pretty good. Guess what, here comes Ed busting along in a 50' iceboat that he threw together with junk he had laying around the boatyard. A fellow Ed gave a ride to in the boat said that Ed told him his iceboat would do 50mph and traveled like a rocket. Ed always liked speed.

Quoting the author Wayne Brown, "Ed Cutts was a vigorous, opinionated, talented, inventive, often humorous and unique individual. He was quietly brilliant and fully dedicated to the future of wooden boats." Thanks to Mr Brown we have a chance to know Ed and his life work. Maggie Cutts passed away December 1, 2005, and Ed Cutts passed away November 11, 2009.

The Cutts & Case Shipyard advertisement that states they are Designers and Builders of Fine Wooden Yachts continues on in the same location in *WoodenBoat* magazine. The shipyard work continues under the capable hands of Eddie Cutts, Jr and Ron Cutts, the sons of Ed and Maggie Cutts.

This book contains 35 pictures, 283 pages of text, a table of contents and a bibliography.



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Building Strip-Planked Boats

With Complete Plans and Instructions for a Dinghy, a Canoe, and a Kayak You Can Build

By Nick Schade
McGraw Hill - $22.95
Intemationalmarine.com
Reviewed by Ron Mclrvin

Nick Schade is a boat builder. A very good boat builder. This book, *Building Strip-Planked Boats,* contains a wealth of information on how to put a strip-planked boat together. He starts with discussing the building method, then materials which includes the wood, epoxy, reinforcing fabrics, staples, stripping the hull, fiberglassing, finishing and tools. Nick is very thorough and, he backs up his discussion with lots of good pictures.

The book has 280 pages of text and 334 pictures. Here is an example of his building instructions. "While you are wetting out the cloth you want to be doing one of three things at all times: making dry cloth wet, smoothing out the cloth, or removing excess resin. If you are fussing with your layout but not accomplishing one of these three things, you are at best wasting your time and at worst making the layup worse".

The first ten chapters of the book describe in detail the work and procedures for strip-built boat building. The last three chapters describe three boats that you can build using the drawings and techniques shown in the book. They include an 8' pram, a 9' double-paddle canoe and a 17' sea kayak.

This book, in addition to its emphasis on strip-planked boats, is a good reference for ordinary boat building where you might be reviewing tool use, woodworking, lofting and layout, working with epoxy, fiberglassing and finish work. This book will not sit idly by, but will find use by a wide range of boat builders.

The Gale of 1929

A True Story of Adventure On The High Seas

By Gary Collins
Flanker Press Limited
St. Johns, Newfoundland, 2013, $19.95
Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

Gary Collins was born in Hare Bay, Newfoundland and lives there yet today. He claims that he is Newfoundland and Labrador's favorite storyteller. That is a strong claim, but after reading this book, *The Gale of 1929,* I agree with him. He is a very good storyteller. When you pick this book up it is hard to put it down.

On November 29, 1929 eleven schooners left St. Johns, Newfoundland for their home ports located to the north of St. Johns along Newfoundland's eastern shore. The distances to their homes ranged from 70 miles to 120 miles and could be traveled in a day or day and a half with normal weather conditions. These fishing schooners were 60' to 90' in length and were sail-powered only; none were fitted with marine engines and propellers.

In 1929 weather forecasts were pretty feeble. A skipper had a barometer (they called it a glass), a thermometer and some kind of wind indicator, direction and velocity. Basically they had to guess at what weather was coming. It was late in November and the skippers were all anxious to get home. The wind had held from the SE all day and the barometer had only dropped a little, so they decided to make a try on the ebb tide late in the afternoon of November 29, 1929. What they didn't know was that a powerful storm was waiting for them with hurricane force winds from the north as they plowed along to the north through the dark night.

This book has eleven different stories skillfully drafted by the author. He tells each story through the eyes of the skipper and the sailors of each schooner. The stories all begin at St. Johns, but the route of each schooner is different, a lot different. Four schooners returned to St. Johns, five schooners sank, one schooner returned to Burin, NF (that's 175 miles to the southwest of St. Johns) and one schooner, the *Neptune II,* ended up in Tobermory, on the Isle of Mull, Scotland! That's approximately 3,400 miles from St. Johns! The *Neptune II* was at sea for 48 days, and the skipper's wife was seasick every day for 48 days and she lived. Those folks were tough.

Purchase this book and wait until you have a tough, stormy wintry day, start a fire in your wood stove, sit down in a comfortable chair and read the tales of the eleven Newfoundland schooners and their attempt to sail home. You will marvel at what a tough bunch of Newfoundland sailors can do when the going got tough and you will give thanks that you are warm and comfortable by your wood stove.

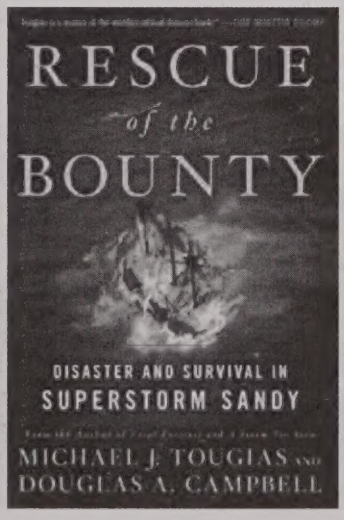
The book contains 268 pages, 13 pictures, a table of contents, a preface, an introduction and an index.

Rescue of the Bounty

Disaster and Survival in Superstorm Sandy

By Micharel J. Tougias and
Douglas A. Campbell
Scribner 9781476746630
Ebook 9781476746654

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



If you followed all the press coverage of this disaster at sea you will not learn anything new about it from this book, but what you will find out is how it all went down (really!) for those onboard (excepting the skipper, Robin Walbridge, whose body was never found, and crew member Claudine Christian whose body was found too late to be saved). The authors, one of whom is a lifelong newsman, interviewed all survivors and reviewed their testimony given at the Coast Guide inquiry. The book is an assembly of all of these human stories coupled with the official conclusions.

If you somehow did miss all the media coverage of how Captain Walbridge took his 60 year old, creaky wooden movie prop south into looming Superstorm Sandy in order to meet a scheduled appearance at a Gulf port, this book will fill you in with all the details. It is well written and a page turner that rings true to anyone with any knowledge at all about boats and respect for the sea. You will gain great respect for the Coast Guard helicopter rescue crews who did save 14 of the 16 on board from rafts in 20'-30' seas in 70mph winds out at the far end of their flying range.

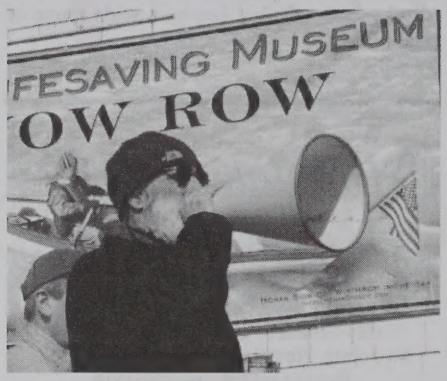
You will find it harder to respect the captain for setting out into the hurricane, even after you read about all his credentials and the crew's level of respect for him. His stated rationale that a ship is safer at sea in a major storm and that *Bounty* had "chased" hurricanes before, getting onto their back sides to get a boost in the direction it was headed, has to be confronted with his knowledge of her condition (he had urged the owner to "sell her", she had serious hull structural defects).

My greatest negative impression concerns the crew. Half of them were rank novices who had "sailed" this tall ship up and down the coast in moderate conditions under direction of the more experienced crew members, who were not themselves really serious level seafarers. The vessel's engineer responsible for all the redundant machinery on board for safety had been on board scarcely 6 months, and when their time came to save the ship, the engines, pumps and generators broke down irretrievably. Some of the reasons were well known beforehand but nothing had been done to remedy them.

Yet, and this is what really astounds me, when Captain Walbridge announced their departure and said anyone who did not wish to go need not do so, nobody opted out. Why not? Peer group pressure? Total belief in the captain? Total ignorance of what it is like at sea in a major storm? In what I consider a complete abandonment of responsibility they all went along and that they survived (save Christian, who ironically claimed to be related to the original *Bounty's* Fletcher Christian) was due to the incredibly courageous efforts of those Coast Guardsmen (and women), efforts which put their lives in extreme peril.

The Hull Snow Row

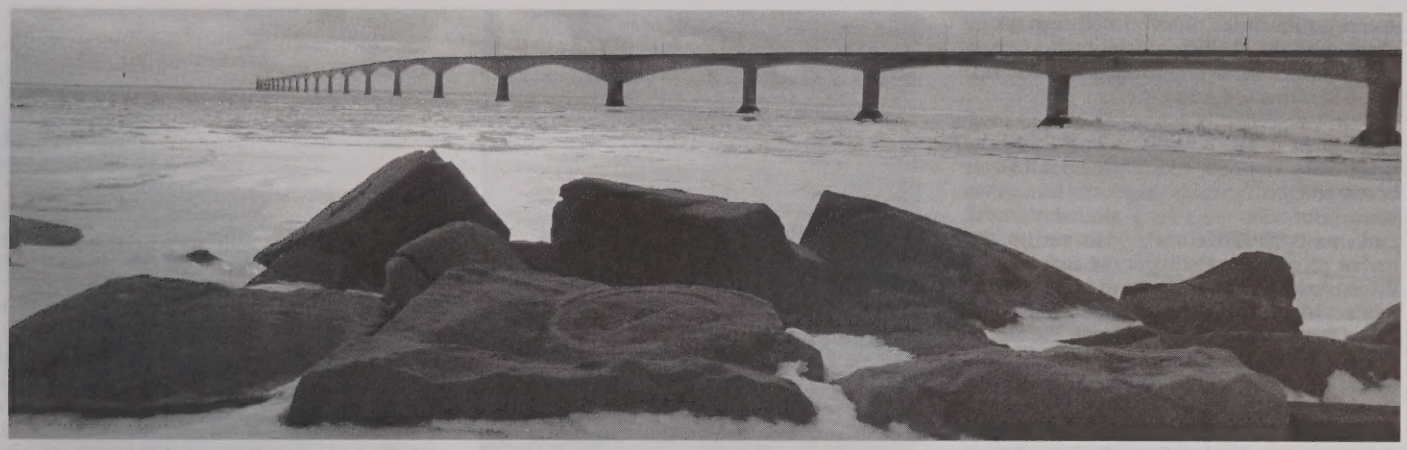
By Richard Honan
Photos by Christine Honan



With calm seas and temperatures expected to rise to the high 20°s, the conditions were near perfect for the annual mid-winter Hull Snow Row. In what has become a ritual of winter, we gathered aboard Larry Bradley's lobster boat, the *Sandy B,* for the journey across Boston Harbor to Windmill Point and the Hull Lifesaving Station.

We had two boats aboard the *Sandy B*, my home-built 15' Ducktrap Wherry, the *William & Anthony* and Josh Aranov's the *Lucy Too*, a 12' Whitehall pulling boat. Lots of excitement in the air as we arrived in Hull. Boats and crews from all over New England were scattered along beach. Who would have thought that so many people would be so eager to get out on the water on such a cold winter day? We unloaded our boats and secured a spot on the beach for our boats. The race which started at approximately 10:30am covers a 4-mile course around Hingham Harbor beginning and ending just off the old Lifesaving Station. Conditions were near ideal, the temperature, a toasty 30°, a light southerly wind and the sun peeking through the thin cloud cover.

Although we were once again denied a spot in the top three finishers, Brother Bill, Josh and I considered the day a success. After the race we gathered on the rear deck of Larry's boat with our own personal cheering squad for some hot chili, sandwiches, a little brandy and a congratulatory toast to another Hull Snow Row.



Confederation Bridge (PEI side).

Ice-Bound

Prince Edward Island, Canada
A Canoeist's View

By Reinhard Zollitsch
Photos by Nancy Zollitsch

February 2014
The island province - "land cradled on the waves" (or stuck in the ice in winter)

I just turned my calendar to March and checked the outdoor temperature, as I do every morning: another 0° Fahrenheit, or 17° Celsius, for you metric people. If you live in the Midwest or Northeast, as I do, you know that the winter of 2013-14 has been an extremely cold and snowy season. But I truly feel for our neighbors to the north, right smack dab under the ever-present polar vortex, the weather bureau's favorite term for this cold snap. So, what about the people in the Canadian Maritime provinces? How did they fare along the shores of the Atlantic and the Gulf of St. Lawrence?

Ever since Nancy and I have gone to Prince Edward Island (known to the native Mi'kmaq as "Abegweit", "land cradled on the waves"; then Île-Saint-Jean or St. John's Island) for our summer vacation, we have had a hard time picturing an island province, 400 miles around, engulfed in ice: piled-high pack-ice, closing in the Northumberland Strait, making it nearly impossible for the ferry boats to run from Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick across to Borden on the island side. Before the time of mighty ferries like the *Abegweit*, the only connection to the mainland was by weekly iceboats, wooden rowing-sailing boats of sorts, that would have to be pulled by the crew in leather harnesses across the frozen parts of the Strait. I have seen pictures of that, and had a hard time imagining what that must have been like, across eight miles of pack-ice and ice-choked waters.

So, no wonder the province of Prince Edward Island (or PEI for short) wished for a bridge to the mainland, which finally, in 1997, became a reality when technology and federal funding made it possible. And what an impressive, elegant structure this Confederation Bridge is. That was 17 years ago, and many PEI people seem to have forgotten what it was like for their parents and grandparents to be cut off from the rest of the world, at least in the depth of winter.

150 years ago exactly (1864), the founding fathers (and mothers?) of Canada gathered in the PEI governor's mansion overlooking the large harbor of Charlottetown (formerly known as Port La Joye) and started to hammer out a confederation for Canada. Charlottetown was thus considered the cradle of Canada, but it took three years to decide what to name the baby (Kingdom/Dominion/Confederation – or just plain Canada) and get things in order for the first four provinces (NS, NB, ON and Québec, in 1867). PEI did not join the confederation till 1873, being the 7th province of the current 13 provinces and territories. But PEI is already planning to celebrate their role as the birthplace of Canada, with lots of festivities and events for 2014.

But what I really wanted to see, ever since I saw old pictures of the iceboats hitching their way across to the island, was the ICE. For many years, Nancy and I have always gone in June to see the glorious colors of the ubiquitous lupine and phlox patches along the roads, the rusty-red harrowed fields and the promising early spring-green of the potato and grain fields – a real, old-fashioned picture of a still functional farming community. Our kids liked the beaches and the dunes, while I preferred to paddle along the red sandstone shores, all the way around the island, as a matter of fact.

But the winter of 2014 finally was the time for Nancy and me to head to the island in the depth of winter, the end of February. And we were not disappointed. We picked a perfect weather window. It had been an exceptionally cold winter in this neck of the woods also. Two snowstorms had just clobbered the Charlottetown area, but a couple of high pressure cells were on their way, promising blue skies, wind and more cold. And the weather forecasters were right: the sun was out for the three days we were there, and it was properly cold and windy (0° Fahrenheit, NW 20-25 knots). It felt strange not having a boat on the roof rack, though, but I consoled myself saying that I was going to check out the local boats and boating activity in every harbor and bay I got to. It was going to be a different type of boating trip, you see.

We left Orono, Maine and got to the bridge in the early afternoon. We stopped at the (closed) New Brunswick info center, but were able to drive right up to the edge of the Strait, right under the bridge. Wow, what a sight! And yes, the strait was all frozen up, all the way across, all 8 miles. And the ice in the strong tidal flow under the bridge was piled up on the massive, rounded-off bases of the bridge supports. They did exactly what the design had intended: not to cut the ice with a sharp edge, like other bridges and the early ice breaker ships, but allowing the ice floes to ride up on the round base and break up under their own weight and then slide off to the side. A similar technique is used in modern ice-breakers, by the way, which also do not cut the ice, but ride up on the ice with a rounded-off bow and break/crush the ice with the weight of the boat. So the term "ice-cutter" for ice-breaker is not really accurate.

Nancy took lots of pictures before we drove over the bridge to PEI. There we had to clamber over considerable snow and ice to get to the "water's" edge – more pictures. The entire island was clad in deep snow, with rows of almost black spruce trees delineating the crop fields. Snow plows had thrown up considerable berms along the roads. We even saw people shoveling off their roofs, which is nothing new for us living in Maine, but I understand it does not happen often on the island. All rivers, inlets and bays along the Strait were frozen solid, but people barely noticed the unique severity of the freeze-up. All they could say was: "Yes, we are having a terrible winter!" None of them could understand why we drove 375 miles to see "all that snow and ice". Yes, we have more than enough snow and ice in Maine, but Maine is not an island, and most of our bigger bays and harbors (like Casco Bay and Portland Harbor) are not frozen in.

"Put-in/take-out" at North River Light, Charlottetown: "Where is my boat, Nancy?"

Next morning, at a nippy 0° F (-17° C), we started exploring the many bays and harbors around Charlottetown. We first walked in (floundered would be a better word) to the North River lighthouse, where I had put in/taken out my solo sea canoe many times in past summers. It was hard for my mind to

accept so much ice, where I had seen green water over the shallow mussel beds. At ebb tide, there even is a considerable tidal rip, when the wind is against it.

It was distinctly too cold to linger long at the light in the NW 20 at 0° F. My L.L. Bean Gore-Tex coat and felt-lined tall Bean boots and heavy mitts kept me somewhat warm. But soon we swung around Victoria Park, past the Governor's Mansion, to the harbor proper. We again got out and walked, the entire length of the promenade to the Irish Settlers Memorial cross, not to be wimpy, and gazed out to the open sea through the slot at Fort Amherst/Port-la-Joye, where the waters of the Hillsborough, North and West Rivers flow into Northumberland Strait. Same picture: no flow, only solid ice; but wait, maybe there was a very thin line in the ice, where I remembered the shipping channel would be – an icebreaker may have gone through here some days ago, but all was frozen shut again.

And then, at the commercial dock, just beyond the main pier, where in summer the mammoth cruise ships tie up, was a huge cargo ship (about 10,000 tons) unloading coal with its own gear, three gargantuan scoops dangling from its three loading cranes, into large square receptors on shore, interconnected by conveyor belts. At the end was a long line of trucks waiting for their turn to be loaded up for the large power plant not more than 400 yards away.

Coal freighter unloading, Charlottetown.

We then checked out the yacht club, where I had also put in or taken out (with their permission). Today there was nothing going on; all sail and power boats were on land and under shrink-wrap; everything was chained off, nobody was in sight – all were waiting for summer.

Nancy then wanted to check out the large tourist info center: nothing, only some workers doing repairs and painting up new sheetrock.

What about our favorite seafood restaurant on the corner of Water and Prince Streets?, I suggested. "Sorry, we are closed for the season", which reminded me of a small seasonal Maine store on Ambajejus Lake near Baxter Park that put up the following hand-written note in the window: "Closed for season. See you ice out". What more is there to say.

Mouth of Charlottetown Harbor.

Gulf of St. Lawrence at Covehead Light.

Back at our hotel we did some more research. So, what happens to the entire PEI fishing fleet in the winter? Can one get the world-famous Malpeque oysters, the clams and farmed mussels, not to mention lobsters? Well, lobsters are harvested along PEI's shores only during May to June, before the lobsters shed their outer skeleton (carapace and claws), and August to Mid-October, unlike Maine, where lobster-fishing is done year round.

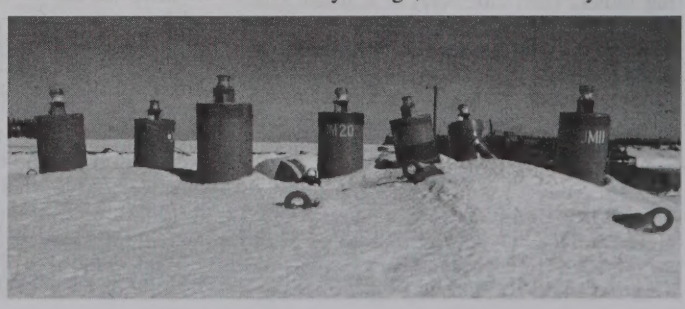
So we drove to the North Shore the next day to check out my favorite seafood supplier at Stanley Bridge on New London Bay. Closed. And the entire bay was frozen solid, all the way to the outer barrier dunes. Boats were pulled out, and even the marine channel markers. The red and green buoys were "parked" in the snow beside the iced-in boat ramp like over-sized flower pots. But suddenly we saw two boats coming towards us through the ice, no, on top of the ice, but leaving no wake, only double tracks. The speed was also much too high for boats – and then we saw it clearly: two pick-up trucks were pulling two plastic containers each on a sled. I wish I could have asked them what was in the bins, but they veered off to one side and disappeared. Do they manage to pull up the rows of dangling rope that mussels attach themselves to? But how? They would need a chain saw to get them out. I'll ask them this summer, when we'll be back.

We then drove along the National Park Shore Road from Cavendish to North Rustico. It was breathtaking to see the entire Gulf of St. Lawrence iced-up, not just along shore, no, as far as the eye could see. Standing on the high red sandstone cliffs, we only saw a thin strip of open water here and there, in which huge chunks of pack-ice were serenely floating along like icebergs, or at least bergybits and growlers. It looked so arctic. In my mind's eye I saw polar bears hunting for seals. How far did the ice shield extend, I wondered? All the way across the Gulf? And would the St. Lawrence River be ice-bound too, and the Great Lakes? (I just heard on the news that 95% of the Great Lakes are frozen over, a new record.)

Again, the harbors here were totally frozen in, all boats were lined up on shore,

Fishing boats waiting for Spring (North Rustico).

Marine channel markers at Stanley Bridge, New London Bay.



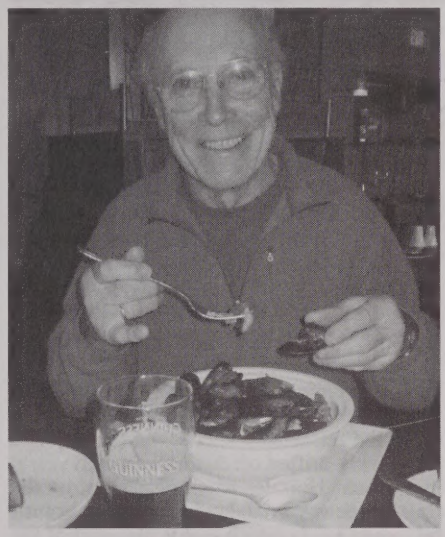
and everything connected with the sea was closed. I bundled up to walk out on the North Rustico breakwater and was rewarded by seeing a flock of Snow Buntings, wheeling over the dunes in a flock of about 100. They looked so white from below against the blue sky, and as cold as I felt at that point.

Driving around to the other half of the National Park Shore Road at Brackley Beach and Stanhope, we saw a small open patch of water under the Oyster Bed Bridge, which was almost filled with about 200 Barrows Goldeneyes (stunningly black and white, loon-like arctic ducks). From paddling this stretch I knew there was a strong tidal flow, which must have kept this restricted area open. On the other side of the bridge, an immature eagle was hunkered down on the ice. We could not see whether he was dining on fish or fowl. A tad further on we saw four mature bald eagles circling high against the blue sky as well as a hawk checking out the edge of a small patch of woods, where the snow had drifted away.

Tracadie Bay was totally frozen, no surprise, so was the Hillsborough River, which usually flows down to Charlottetown. And that concluded our North Shore loop. A mid-afternoon hot shower felt great. That evening we found the only seafood restaurant on the island that is open year-round. Make a note, seafood lovers! It is the Claddagh Oyster House and Irish Pub on Sydney St. in Charlottetown, right at the impressive sandstone St. Dunstan's Basilica. There was a table for two at the cozy gas fireplace. Round granite beach rocks radiated welcome heat into the properly dark Irish establishment. And I am telling you, the mussels were supreme, so was the draught Guinness beer. Our waitress learned a bit also about winters on the island. She naively thought/maintained the boats were still going out: however, the chef in the kitchen set her straight, saying that mussels are kept in saltwater holding tanks at the mussel processing plants during the "non-fishing season".

Charlottetown: Claddagh Oyster House.

Author enjoying mussels and Guinness



All in all, a most interesting, exciting and unique experience, bordering on being historic! To see both the Northumberland Strait and the Gulf of St. Lawrence totally frozen in, turning the province of Prince Edward Island back into a true northern winter island, is absolutely spectacular and well worth a winter visit. But thank God (and the Canadian Government) PEI citizens no longer have to be cooped up on the island till the next ice or ferry boat makes it through the Northumberland ice, but can now speed at 80km/50mi per hour over the two lane 8-mile long bridge for $45 (round trip for one car).

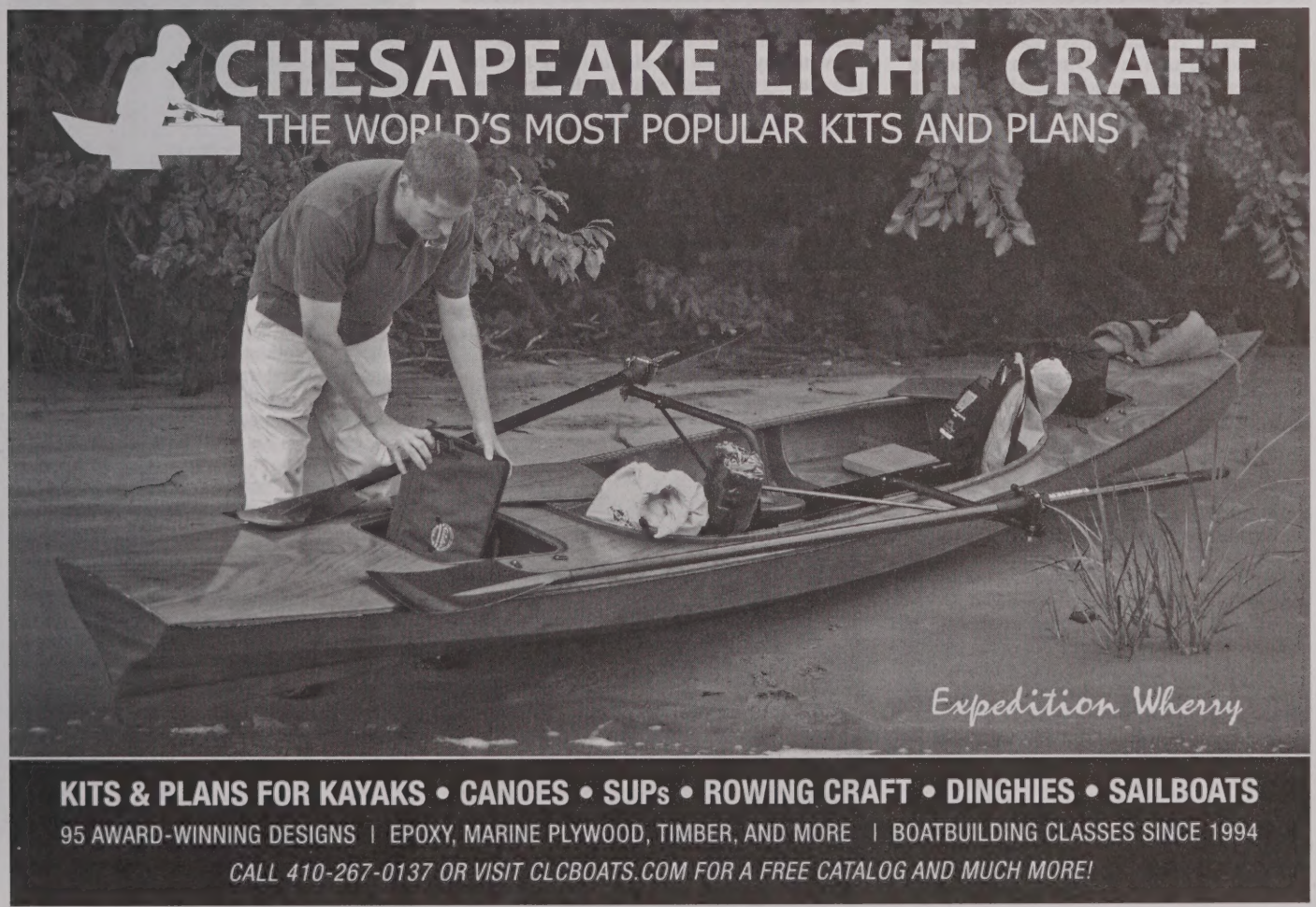
Until then, sit tight. I'll be back in June, with my boat, for sure. And what about doing a 400-mile loop around the island in my solo sea canoe to join in PEI's sesquicentennial celebration of the Charlottetown Conference that led to the creation of Canada. My start and finish will of course also be Charlottetown. I'll let you know.

Signing off for now, Reinhard.

reinhard@maine.edu
www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

For more PEI info check out:

www.gov.pe.ca
www.pei2014.ca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Florida Bay Cruise

By John Depa
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the
Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Indian Key and Naples offer some of the best gunk-holing territory on earth, just begging to be explored. So after stopping off at a few small keys, *Jitterbug* ended the day beached for the night at Panther Key. I love living at the Jersey shore eight months of the year but, being retired, I see no reason to endure the long, cold winter months here, especially since I own a West Wight Potter-19, *Jitterbug*. So I decided to spend at least part of this past winter cruising Florida Bay. *Jitterbug* is no stranger to these waters and in my opinion she is the ideal craft to navigate the shallow bays and rivers in the 10,000 Islands area. Her fully retractable keel allows her to be directly beached and is a life saver when I (often) bump bottom.

My understanding family agreed to exchange Christmas gifts early, so on December 15th, with *Jitterbug* in tow, I began the long haul down I-95. The launch site, Everglades City, is just over 1,300 miles from home and I took three days to make the journey. No rush, no schedule, the vacation begins when we leave the driveway, that's the philosophy. I arrived at the Rod & Gun Club boat ramp on the 17th, launched, stepped the mast and loaded all gear in a few hours, then parked the Jeep and trailer about a mile away at the Everglades NP ranger station. I used the Dahon folding bike to return to the Club. It was late in the day so I decided to spend the night, aboard *Jitterbug*, tied to the Rod & Gun Club dock.

Next morning I filled eight 1-gal water jugs, the 12-gal sink bladder and loaded last-minute fresh groceries before making way three miles down the Devon River to Florida Bay. The bay was a bit choppy, so I just did a near-shore shake-down sail, and motor cruise, before anchoring behind Indian Key for the night. The plan (if you can call it that) was to spend one to two months exploring 100 miles of the Everglades NP all the way to Flamingo, some of the northernmost 10,000 Islands, and visiting Naples and Key West if possible; not in any particular order, and certainly not adhering to a schedule. Eventually this would complete a large loop, with lots of back-tracking and diagonals. One goal was to travel under sail power alone, relying on the outboard as little as possible.

The following morning winds had abated to 5-10 out of the SE. Since Naples lay NW, it became the direction of travel, very scientific, take advantage of those opportunities gifted by Mother Nature and the Wind Gods. Naples could be reached in one long day at the helm, or two comfortable days, traveling a whopping seven miles.

Most of the 10,000 Islands north of Everglades NP are part of Rookery Bay Wildlife Refuge. All outdoor activities except hunting are allowed; no permits required. Panther Key has a beautiful 1/2 mile long beach and is relatively close to civilization. That being the case, it is a popular destination. A group of six paddlers were camped at the north end and several day-trippers stopped by for a beach walk. Temperature was a balmy 82° which gave me an opportunity to relax, soak up some rays and catch a fresh fish for dinner; such an enjoyable time that I decided to spend another night.

The following morning dawned with SE winds at 10-15, perfect to continue sailing towards Naples, some 40 miles distant. I used the Garmin-540 GPS to plot a wide route around Cape Romano in order to clear numerous sand bars that extended well into the Gulf. After three hours of absolutely ideal broad reach sailing, *Jitterbug* came to an abrupt, grinding halt. For the 75th time (or was it the 175th) I had run aground. Once again the retractable keel saved the day and we quickly drifted off to deeper water.

Jitterbug and inflatable. The Dahon folding bike and Airis-10 inflatable raft are a bit pricey, but greatly expand my range of exploration.

About 10 miles south of Naples, on the tip of Keewaydin Island, there's a beautiful, white sandy beach that is also part of the Rookery Bay Refuge. Being located between Marco Island and Naples, it is VERY popular with day boaters, and this being a Saturday, during college Spring Break, it was quite crowded. Why not join the party? I beached/anchored Bahamian style and stayed the entire weekend. So many boaters visit this beach that a large pontoon boat, converted into a floating bar & cafe sells hot dogs, hamburgers cold beer and assorted cocktails. *Jitterbug* drew lots inquiries which allowed me to meet a variety of interesting folks. Most boats left late afternoon but half-dozen people had pitched tents for camping. A group of young kids spent hours building a Florida version snowman.

Keewaydin Beach.

Florida snowman.

By the time I was ready to leave for Naples, the wind had shifted north so rather than buck the elements of the open Gulf side I elected to (mostly) motor up the inside route. I had never traveled this section of water and it turned out to be quite pleasant, with lots of bird life and dolphins; I even stopped to catch a few Spanish mackerel. The multimillion dollar homes on the island are only accessible by boat and once beyond Gordon's Inlet, the border of Naples, the price of real estate goes up.

The price of real estate…

Osprey welcome to Naples.

Naples City Dock is conveniently located near, about a mile to either the beach or shopping center; just a short bicycle ride to either. Unfortunately, transient boats are limited to four days at a boat slip, and the minimum charge is for a 30' boat length, $45 per day for *Jitterbug*. Should I wish stay longer (which I did) I must leave for one night and then can tie to a mooring ball, at $10 per day, for an additional four days. So I spent a total of eight days, including Christmas and New Years day.

Most mornings were spent fishing from the famous pier that extends 1,000' into the Gulf; A variety of fish are caught and conversation comes easy. The city of Naples pays for a blanket saltwater fishing license that covers all visitors. Afternoons are great for sunning on the (no fee) beach and evenings for eating at one of the many fine restaurants. Holidays were highlighted by a fabulous Christmas concert, held in the park, and an impressive fireworks display on the beach. Much conversation during that time concerned the crippling snowstorms pounding the northeast, but not many tears were shed.

Christmas spirit brings in the New Year.

I had toyed with the idea of sailing directly to Key West but the distance of 104 miles was more than I cared to attempt. So, with a favorable northerly wind I headed south, back towards Everglades City, there to obtain a Park camping permit. By the time I reached Marco Island the wind began to shift so I altered course, electing to negotiate a short cut, named Caxambas Pass, which would eliminate circumventing Cape Romano again. The chart noted, "Use Local Knowledge". Since the tide had just changed to incoming, I felt that I could always drift off any accidental grounding. Through the use of nautical charts, GPS and gut feelings *Jitterbug* made it through unscathed and I once again anchored off Panther Key.

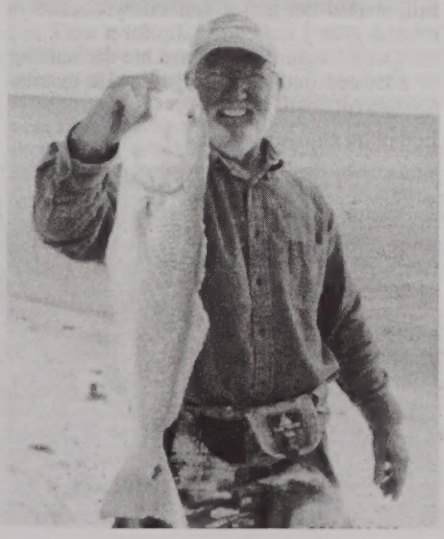
Upon resuming travel the next day I crossed paths with a Com-Pac, Sun Cat-17. The owner and I were both headed for the Rod & Gun Club so we agreed to meet for lunch. Terry is from North Carolina and was camping at Lulu Key with a diverse group of friends, hailing from far and wide. I agreed to anchor nearby that night and meet his friends the following day. After stowing fresh supplies, I obtained a 14-day Wilderness Area camping permit to cover my time in the Park while sailing to Flamingo, roughly 100 miles to the SE. There is no fresh water in this area, nor is there any cell phone coverage. A hand-held VHF radio enables access to the NOA weather report, which I gauged to have a 50% accuracy rate, about the same a flipping a coin.

Compac and Sun Cat 17.

By the time I got back out to Lulu Key it was dark and the winds had increased considerably ahead of an approaching cold front. Seeing Terry's masthead light, I dropped anchor nearby to spend a bouncy night. Next morning I paddled the Airis-10 ashore to meet the diverse group of campers. Turned out that some of us had attended some of the same messabouts, we just had never met personally.

Early afternoon I sailed the few short miles to Picnic Key, which was the first stop on my Wilderness Area camping permit. The only other occupants were a family of four, with two adorable kids, who had paddled out by canoe. The husband and I discussed fishing strategy and managed to catch a few nice redfish for dinner, surfcasting from the beach. I would guess that, on average, I ate fresh fish (sea trout, redfish, sugar trout, Spanish mackerel and sheepshead) three times a week.

Typical redfish.



Note: A Wilderness Camping permit can only be obtained 24 hours prior to the trip. Cost is $10 per permit and $2 per person, per day with a 14 day limit. Senior citizens get a 50% discount on the daily fee: So my 14 day permit cost only $24. The number of parties and campers are limited, depending on the type of site. For that reason you must designate a site for each night spent in the Park. Chickee (platform) sites are obviously limited to one party, while large beach sites can accommodate many tents without being overly crowded. I only encountered a total of six other parties the entire trip.

Mangrove Keys.

Watson Place, located about 2 miles up the Chatham River, was the next designated campsite. This key has a colorful history as outlined in the book, *Killing Mr. Watson* (a recommended read). A light rain was falling but the wind had abated, enabling an easy broad reach of about seven miles, around Pavilion Key, and then close hauled another three miles to the mouth of the river. I had been there several times so was familiar with the shallow river approach. The site has a small dock and the usual port-a-potty. A group of three other campers were already there, and another arrived later in the day. Since they had all arrived by kayak, the small dock was open for *Jitterbug*.

Watson Place.

One of the campers was a real fishing fanatic and I told him of a sandbar just upriver where he might have some luck, he managed to catch four trout for their dinner and was very thankful. I had not had any problem with mosquitoes to that point, but by early evening they were out in droves. It got so bad that I moved *Jitterbug* out to mid-river in an attempt to escape their incessant buzz; it didn't help. This was the first time I resorted to using bug spray, on myself and to seal every cabin opening. I had a two-night camping permit but next morning moved to the mouth of the river. On the turn of the tide I made a long, drift/fish trip downriver and then anchored to explore and fish from the Airis-10 for a few hours. It was an enjoyable and productive day.

Sunset in the 'glades.

The next site, New Turkey Key, is just a few miles south. It is a small key adjacent to a deep channel and is protected on three sides, which is fortunate because a strong cold front approached, with warnings of gale force winds. I was able to anchor, bow & stern to keep from swinging, very close to shore. The winds howled for three days so I just stayed put, only paddling the Airis-10 to shore for walks around the island and fishing for dinner. I saw two kayak campers on a nearby island but no one else came by.

Winds finally abated to 10-15 allowing me to sail south, 16 miles on a dead run, to Highland Beach. Arrived mid-afternoon, anchored offshore, and paddled to the three-mile long beach to stretch my legs. After only a short walk I came upon the remains of what appeared to be a very large dolphin, with the head separated from the body. Further along was another carcass and lots of single vertebrae. It seemed very strange that there were so many bones and that they were all so large?

Further along was a set of what appeared to be deer tracks. The animal was walking but the tracks still looked big, especially since Florida deer are quite small. When the animal broke into run it became evident that the tracks were much too large to have been made by a deer. My guess was perhaps a wild hog, but how could a wild hog swim all the way out here? Weeks later, at the Key West library, I learned that the bones were the remains of a pod of pilot whales who had beached themselves a few weeks prior to my arrival. The incident is depicted on Youtube.com under "stranded pilot whales". Noting the huge chunks of flesh torn out by sharks, gave me pause about wading and swimming these waters. The animal tracks were confirmed to be those of a wild hog, which I am told are not uncommon on the larger islands. I remained at Highland Beach for two more days.

Pilot whale carcass.

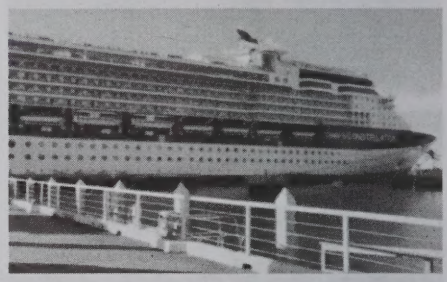
Next stop was Graveyard Creek. It was only four miles south so I practiced sailing a close reach with jib alone: Good thing I was not in a hurry! There were a few kayaks already at the campsite so I simply anchored in Ponce de Leon Bay to give the other campers some privacy while avoiding the inevitable mosquitoes. The bay is fed by several rivers, so is well protected from the hard westerlies that blew over the next several days. The wind gradually diminished and clocked around to the NE, but much stronger winds were predicted in the coming days, decision time!

I opted to leave the Everglades a few days early to take advantage of the relative lull. A GPS course of 58 miles SW across Florida Bay would put me at the Content Keys, 10-15 miles north of Key West. By mid-afternoon seas got a bit sloppy (maybe 3-4' waves) but a partial furling of the genoa and steering five points more westerly resulted in a smoother ride and a safe anchorage just before dark.

Next morning I found that the outboard motor was locked in reverse gear, no neutral or forward. I carry BoatUS insurance but it only covers the first $150 of towing charges. Since I was still 12 miles east of Bluefish Channel, which is the rear entrance to Key West harbor, I decided to close the gap prior to calling for help. Breeze was very light out of the east and I only made 1mph on a dead run until adding a whisker pole to the genoa and sailing wing-on-wing. Even so, it took five hours to reach the channel head, which is still three miles from Key West. Drift/sailing the incoming tide got me to a bay just outside the marina, where I anchored for the night.

Shortly after dawn I sailed to the marina entrance, at which point I doused all sail, started the motor and safely docked in reverse gear. I rented the slip for a week and the Dock Master, Terri, gave me the number of a trusted outboard mechanic. He eventually determined the shift rod had broken and I ordered the necessary parts from the Internet. It was almost two weeks before the motor was re-mounted on *Jitterbug*.

However, Key West is not a bad place to be "'stranded" during the cold winter months. Days were spent taking long bike rides, fishing from various shore locations, relaxing/reading on the beach, catching a few rays and watching the Key West International Sailboat Races. The week-long event had attracted over 200 world class boats. And of course Malory Square provides lots of live sunset entertainment, after which a walk on Duval Street, where margaritas are LARGE and numerous, can be quite interesting. And of course boats of every description abound.



Cruise ship at Malory Square.

Catboat at the marina.

On the 13th a weather forecast of gentle easterly winds seemed like a perfect opportunity to cruise back across Florida Bay. The light breeze emboldened me to set a direct course for Ponce de Leon Bay, a crossing of 64 miles. Sailing at night would surely result in tangling with one of the thousands of crab pot markers that litter the bay, so I stretched the trip over two days, with a mid-bay anchorage: This allowed for a leisurely pace that was a real pleasure. Dolphin were constant companions and upon reaching the far shore I spotted my first bald eagle sighting. Two more easy days of sailing up the Everglades coast put me back at the boat ramp, after which came the 1,300 mile trek up I-95. I arrived home on February 1st, exactly six weeks after departing.

It is my hope that this article will encourage others to explore these beautiful waters.

End of an enjoyable cruise.

Adventures in Greenland Paddling

A Visit to Upernavik, Greenland Paddling on the Edges of and Crossing Upernavik Icefjord

Part 3

By Gail Ferris - Gaileferris@hotmail.com

As I was negotiating the ramp I thought about how, when David Thorliefsen dropped me off at my previous campsite, the adjacent rock ramp was well exposed. Later I noticed that when the maximum high tide came in, the ramp was nearly covered. All that remained above the water was a very narrow band of rock hardly enough to get out and stand on next to a 3' step up to dry ground. This area has unequal high tides with one especially high tide and two normal low tides interspersed with a medium level high tide. This called a semi-diurnal high tide. During this period the unequal range in maximum high tide during the day was half the high tide height during the very early morning hours. This created a situation where I could be sleeping soundly while the tide came in much higher than it had some twelve hours earlier.

So far I have not found any ripe blueberries or black crowberries on Puguta. In 2003 at this same time of year I found an almost endless supply of berries on Kangerdularssup Island near the ice cap. The reason might be that it was a warmer and sunnier area where I found them. It had seemed unusually bright and hot, which is typical when just a few miles away from the icecap.

In this little bay at my campsite, although I did not find any live mussels or clams, I did find the empty shells and even a bright pink shell of a sea scallop and some sea urchins crawling on the rocks at low tide just below the surface.

Camping here on this quiet inlet was quite different from on the outside next to the Upernavik Isfjord with all its icebergs coming and going on the tides and currents. I enjoyed a much quieter evening with only occasional icebergs breaking and they did not boom like thunder. The tide looked as though it was fairly well in at 20:20. As the sun made its way northward in its circle in the sky a cool wind was blowing from the east off the ice cap.

My balaclava paddling hood had unfortunately become wet because I had strapped it to the stringer frame of the kayak and water leaked through the deck stitching onto the hood. Water drips off my paddle loom onto the stitching in the deck amidship and leaks through, accumulating one to two liters a day depending on how many hours I paddle. I bail it out with a Packtowel. This hood is one of my equipment improvements, made of winter weight polyethylene fleece. On my last journey I found that the hood needed an outer windproof over-hood, a thin layer of foam insulation and some thin fleece to cover my neck reaching down to my shoulders.

When I wore this hood while I slept it was warm enough until the outer nylon shell slipped off, then I would feel cold. At night, even though the sun shines, the temperature drops and it feels considerably colder probably the temperature drops into the 40°s and by the time the sun actually sets in mid-August frost shows on the grass.

When sleeping at night I found that my space blankets were providing just the margin of warmth against the cold. Unfortunately my several years old Therm-a-rest air mattress is starting to break down so that it makes a pillow on the end. Thankfully it still does hold air just fine, insulating me from the cold wet ground below.

I was glad I brought my vest pocket Bible New Testament with Psalms. I read my Bible and prayers, which was refreshing and a good learning experience. As a routine I paddle one day and read this Bible the next day.

August 3rd, 2005: The barometric pressure was 30.10" mercury 08:00 when I awoke to bright sun shining out from under a cloud layer. Cirrocumulus cloud bands were gathering closer. Wind was very slight. The previous evening, I gathered water from the pools in nearby stream as it flowed down and over the rounded granite only 30' away. I always like to start out my day with a ready supply of water. I do not like having to do balancing acts straddling the muddy unstable edges of boggy brooks just to get some water. This is too complicated for me to coordinate in my half awake state. I know that I am very likely to fall in or fill up a boot with mud. I know from near misses that I can't handle too many balancing acts first thing in the morning. Like it or not I get myself a supply of water each evening for next morning.

My system for carrying water has for years just been a couple of 4-liter Mylar wine bags in nylon carrying bags. These bags are now over ten years old, yet their silicon stoppers continue to reclose and seal them perfectly. The easiest way to fill these water bags is by bailing out of the shallows using a rectangular, rather than a round, polyethylene food container. The water will pour cleanly into the wine bag openings from the square corners of the food container.

Just as I awoke I heard very soft chirping sounds accompanied by occasional deep grunts. Very carefully so as not to lose the moment by alarming them, I peaked out of my tent to spy a large group about 12 or 15 of immature brown eider accompanied by their maternal guardians, one at each end of the flotilla. They were on their usual morning out and about scouting for food. I also saw a female miteqsiorartooq (Aavooq)/common eider Somateria mokkissima with chicks swimming across the bay. The eider seem to like this protected bay.

Aside from the occasional collapse of an iceberg, the only sounds I was to hear this day was the eider families making their quiet chirps back and forth to each other as they paddle along. Occasionally there is a low grunt from the adults, which serves to guide and alert the convoy to possible danger they had not yet learned to be aware of. They were wary of me and did not stay very long in the lower part of this bay, quickly making their way to the outer bay away from my tent. I know that they were aware of me despite my efforts at remaining very inconspicuous. I sat as still as possible so as to not scare them away as I like these moments of being able to watch this wildlife just being themselves.

From my tent I noticed an opening on an iceberg that was rotating in the current ever so soundlessly. Just to give myself a sense of soundless time, I captured this moment on still camera and video.

The west side of Manitsoq Island is one of those places where there is no place to land unless one happens to have some sort of sticky feet. I had noticed from a distance that the south side of Manitsoq looked just as forbidding so I decided not to paddle along that side. Later during my travels however I did find that the east side had numerous ramps scattered among the glacially rounded escarpments.

I ate my usual breakfast of soy powdered fructose sweetened drink extract, brewers yeast, raw sesame seeds and raw sunflower seeds mixed with water into a slurry. My choices are to try to have quickly digestible simple and complex carbohydrates, protein and with unoxidized fats. I assumed that I would find epilobium /fireweed and crowberries for fresh greens and fruit along the way.

From my vantage point in my tent my kayak looked just fine. Then to my horror when I stood up and stepped outside my tent I found that my kayak was actually not at all where I had left it. Indeed at some time while I was blissfully sleeping my dear kayak had been ever so silently floated off by the early morning high tide and left by the retreating tide stranded on top of flat rocks a meter above where I had set it.

In a moment of heedlessness during my arrival I had merely wrapped just the bow line in a loose loop around a small rock wedged between two larger rocks. Normally I always moor with both a bow and stern line. I found my line had just barely held having moved to the gap where the small rock was resting lightly against another rock. Talk about a touchy deal - that was it! I told myself to not do that again, it is a long walk home from here!

Much to my relief I found no damage to my kayak, not even scuff marks on the hull, so I gather that my kayak just rose with the tide and gently drifted inward on the slight wind and tidal current coming to rest on top of the flat rock. This was a humiliating lesson in don't be so casual about tying up my kayak no matter how somber the sea may be. I had forgotten that this area of Greenland has these semi-diurnal tides and that I have to be aware that one high tide during the twenty-four hour day is much higher than the other.

During this particular cycle the highest tide happens to be in the early morning hours when I am most likely to be sound asleep. Unfortunately these early morning hour high tides are quite inconvenient. I hate having to drag myself out of my tent to move my boat higher up the beach after I am comfortably ensconced.

I have to be very observant when I arrive to closely look for any seaweed that would indicate as to how far the tide will be reaching when I tie off my kayak. It certainly would have been convenient if the tide had just happened to be at its maximum flood when I initially arrived. I chuckled to myself that I did not think I might need my battery operated high water alarm, so I had left it at home. Next time I will bring a float alarm so that I will know when my kayak is floating.

I brought the kayak up higher and tied it off both bow and stern. I thanked my lucky stars that my kayak had not disappeared at high tide last night. I decided that in case my kayak should happen to float again I should tie the pair of pool noodles under the hull forming coil around the hull to protect it from abrasion. I could have used two more pool noodles.

I notice that the weight of the kayak when pulled it up the ramp using the pool noodles as rollers is close to being too much for them, they are beginning to become crushed in the small area where the keel rides. I should unload as much as I can before I use the rollers.

I tuned in my pocket shortwave radio but it only picked up BBC. Now I wished that I had replaced either the antenna or the radio before I left so that I would have had better reception. I have to be careful to keep my Mavica camera batteries warm. The Mavica camera minimum operating temperature is 50°F, however the video camera minimum operating temperature is 40°F, which in this temperature regime is quite a difference.

I went for a botanical walk and found some interesting effects cliff faces have on plants I found the plants larger and greener which suggests the rocks give off more warmth and nutrients. The plants were much larger and prolific.

I found a lichen that I had not seen before, Omphalima hudsoniana, a very pale green flat large lichen 200' south of my tent. This is among the macro-lichens, one of the largest with structure of about 3"-4" inches in diameter. I thought that it was an unusual finding to find such a huge lichen. Why it would happen to grow here was an interesting question, perhaps it is the richness of the soil or maybe the amphitheater-like warm

conditions of the surrounding rock structures or both. I also found other especially large examples and arrays of plants in this area. The large amount of blue green algae growing on the rocks indicated high organic enrichment of the soil. I took a lichen sample but I never found any birch at N72°58'05"W55°21'53".

Soil in most of this area is very rich which suggests that this area does not have much wind. Any dry area is covered with Cladonia lichens. Water falls over rocks have Nostoc or some bluegreen alga on the rocks.

Arctic heath, a nice fire starter, small branches of Arctic willow, Cladonia/reindeer lichen and flat pale green lichen; Omphalima hudsoniana.

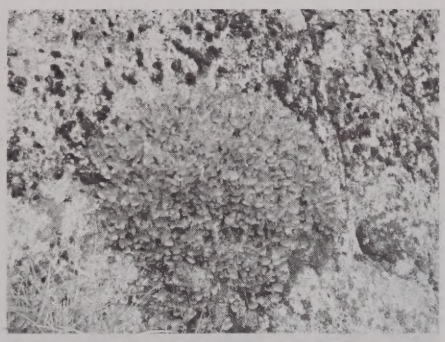
Soil on the rocks is often as hummocks of dense plants, mosses and lichens.

There is plenty of Arctic Willow Salix rotundifolia these tiny underground willows grow underground showing just a bright red immature catkin and leaves.

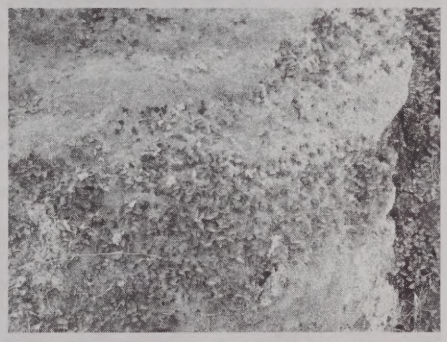
Epilobium - Fireweed / edible salad green.

Near rocks cliffs protected from the wind, with plenty of water and warmth absorbed by the rock from the sun, the plants are four time the normal size. This lush growth of plants suggests that highly enriching minerals routinely leach from these rocks enriching the soils below. I have never seen such lush combinations of plants growing under these conditions anywhere else before. I would consider this quite unique.

Below is an exciting example of Salix rotundifolia growing as a single tree out of the rock face. The white color to the rock is white feldspar.



Below is a spectacular example of unusually thick moss - sphagnum with Arctic Willow growing out of it



Below is a very dense cluster of Polygonum viviparum surrounded with grasses and Equisetum /Horsetail.

August 3rd 2005: 14:19, high ceiling but sunny with cumulus clouds. Mosquitoes are active. Wind less than 5 knots from the east. If the sun were out fully I would be broiling – it would be a hot day if the sun were bright. Today the sun is only at about half of its intensity.

I found red sandstone which I really did not expect to find here because this is a sedimentary stone in this dominantly igneous rock area. I found a black/gray stone which I suspect is an iron ore because it is very heavy for its size. The stone has a bell-like ring when dropped and the stone breaks with sharp semicircular edges like chert and other highly silica rocks that are formed at crystallization temperature of quartz. The black stone is not shiny but dull crystalline so also chert is not all that shiny either.

I was glad that I brought my repair kit with lots of thread, however it should have included some thicker thread as well with a thick needle. I did fix the spray skirt elastic edge to keep the elastic where it belongs on the bottom of the track The spray skirt needs a bright red pull tab so that it can be pulled quickly in an emergency situation.

I finally attended to properly adjusting my rudder chains, resorting to just using the last link and repositioning the pedals 4"-5" closer to me, back from #3 rib so that the mast step hole is in between. This is the same position I used in the Klepper Aerius I.

18:11, barometric pressure is 30.20" inches mercury, quiet conditions. I watched the eider with family, then four guillemots came diving for food in the bay. Large icebergs do not come inside this bay because there is neither current nor wind to carry them but they glide back and forth outside in the passage, Ikerasaq. These bergs are not so noisy probably because they protected by the high walls on each side of this passage from the intense sunlight all day long. All they do is just quietly collapse.

(To Be Continued)

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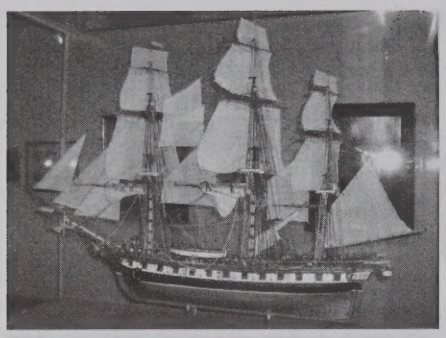
United States Naval Academy Museum

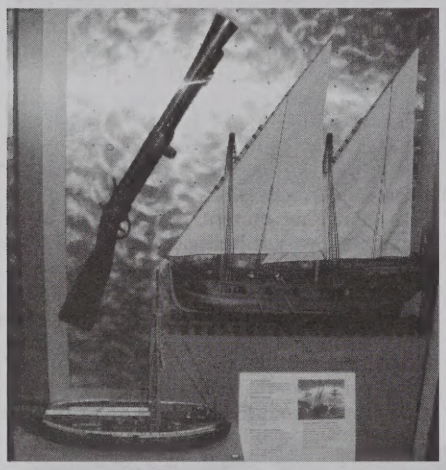
A Winter Visit

By Greg Grundtisch



USS Frigate *Essex*

This frigate was built by popular subscription by the people of Salem and Essex County, Massachusetts. She was launched on September 30, 1799 and accepted for the United States by Capt. Edward Preble. During the quasi-war with France, *Essex*, under the command of Preble, sailed from Newport, Rhode Island, to convoy merchant ships returning from Batavia, Dutch East Indies. In the course of the voyage *Essex* became the first U.S. Naval ship to cross the Equator and to round the Cape of Good Hope. In the War of 1812 she was also the first American Naval vessel to round Cape Horn.



Flintlock Swivel Gun

Flintlock swivel guns, such as this, were common on board naval vessels. All of Arnold's vessels mounted many of these as antipersonnel weapons.

Model of a Gundalow

The nine gundalows built for Arnold's fleet were 40 to 50 feet in length and mounted one 12-pounder cannon and two 6- or 9-pounders along with eight swivel guns. In the 1930s one of the gundalows, the *Philadelphia*, was raised from Valcour Bay and is displayed in the Smithsonian's Museum of American History.

MODEL BUILT BY NAVAL ACADEMY SHIP MODEL SOCIETY

Model of a Two-Masted Galleys

Arnold built three galleys similar to this: *Congress* (his flagship), *Trumbull*, and *Washington*. The galleys were approximately 72 feet long, with a 20-foot beam and a 6-foot draft. The *Congress* mounted 2 18-pounders, 2 12-pounders, 4 6-pounders, and 16 swivel guns.

MODEL BUILT BY NAVAL ACADEMY SHIP MODEL SOCIETY

In mid February the lovely and talented Naomi, was given four day's respite from her 24-7 caretaking of her dear sweet 93 year old mother. She decided she wanted to go to Annapolis, MD. No, really, it was her idea. She further thought it would be interesting to see what snowstorms were like in the mountains of PA. She is a very curious woman, and just had to know.

I, on the other hand, was quite familiar with those wintry events, as I spent many seasons driving a truck through them, and not enjoying it whatsoever. The risk-reward thing comes to mind right away. But, she fears not the frosty bite of old man winter, or potential danger or death. The promise of good fresh seafood was enough to brace her for the trip through the hellish weather, and off we went to Annapolis.

In winter there is not much to do in Annapolis, so Naomi did some research and found two museums that were open. I was a bit skeptical, but it turned out to be an interesting decision on her part. The options were the Naval Museum, and a map museum, whatever that is. It took little time deciding on which one to visit. We located the Naval Museum with Naomi's slick navigation skills, and a GPS that I can't seem to operate correctly. We found a nearby parking spot and entered through an armed guarded gate. We inquired the price of admission, and are photos allowed? The guard told us we could not photograph the wrought iron entrance gate, or the guard shack. Everything else was fare game. Admission was free. Good call Naomi, I like free. I guess we taxpayers pay for it in reality, but this is worth it, taxwise.

As a side note there was a couple down the street taking a picture of the gate and no one seemed to care. It is a very ornate wrought iron gate and likely very old and historic. I regret not taking a photo.

The museum originated in 1645 as a Lyceum. That's sort of a museum for education, where artifacts and such are kept to be studied. Not sure what's the difference. This building, Preble Hall, that holds the current museum, was opened in 1939. There were additions added in1962 and 1970. In 2007-2008 the museum was completely renovated and reopened officially in the summer of 2009.

The museum holds collections and artifacts, documents and models, from the colonial days to modern times. When Naomi got to the ship models I thought she would never leave. Her background in math, science, and art compelled her to examine and learn all she could of this extensive model collection. It got worse when we went to the basement and found the model shop. There was one of the model makers there and he allowed us to go into the shop itself, where most are not allowed. Naomi and he discovered a mutual interest in the aforementioned math, science, and art; and the two of them exchanged thoughts and ideas on mathematical theory and design elements, as they apply to the art of model making, and drawing and painting, of boats and nautical stuff.

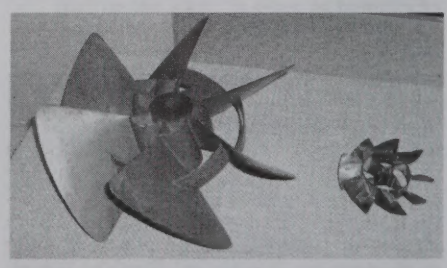
I, in my relative ignorance, just had to patiently listen to the two of them engage in brilliant banter, and listen to my stomach growl, as I wanted to get a hold of some of that fresh seafood that we risked life and limb to get here for. It was mercifully coming to closing time and we had to depart. Bubbling with joy, Naomi said that it was a wonderful museum and it well was worth the trip. Risking life and limb to get there notwithstanding, I liked it too. No, really, I did. I just like full-size boats and milder weather much better.

To visit the museum online, and in better weather, you can just enter U.S. Naval Academy Museum in the search box. There you'll find the hours and days of operation, pictures, on line tour, videos, current weather, and a lot more.

4 **Painting of Battle of Valcour Island**

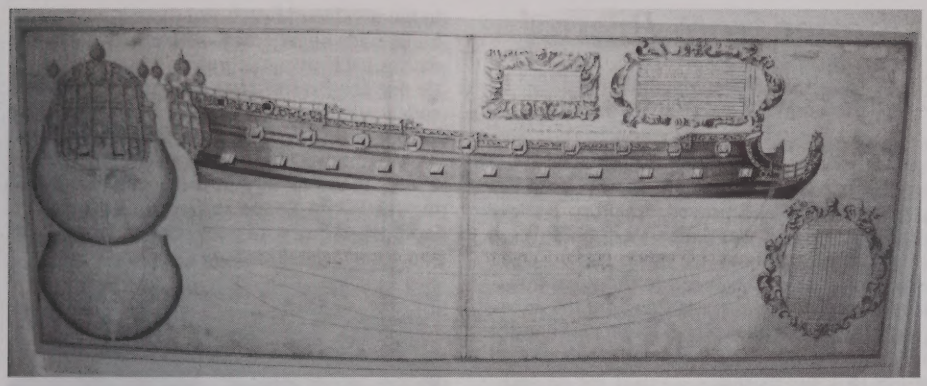
Arnold's lack of experienced seamen led him to anchor his small fleet in the protected waters between Valcour Island and the New York shore. The northerly breeze, which forced the British to work upwind, gave the Americans some advantage.

PAINTING BY RICHARD SCHLECHT COURTESY OF NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



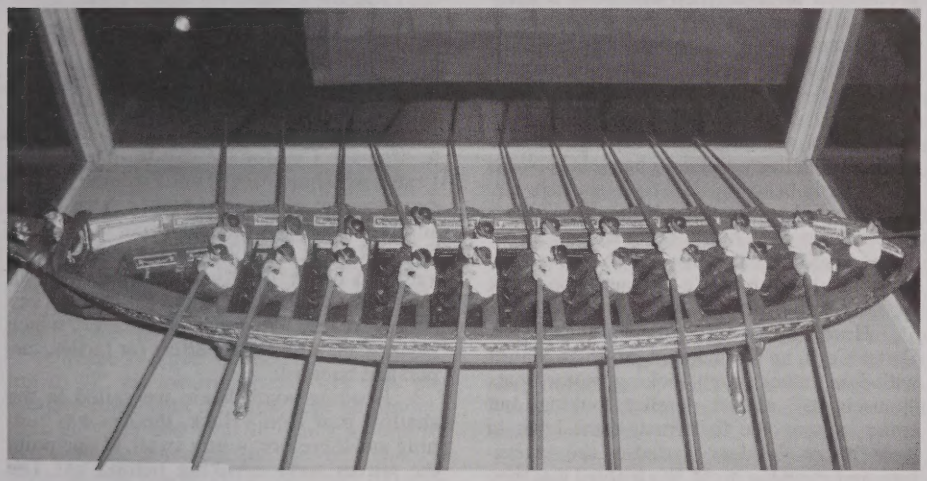
Model of Screw Propellers

Ericsson would develop several versions of the screw propeller. these are patent models of two versions. (Gift of Adm. H.E. Yarnell, USN and Hugh E. Danker).



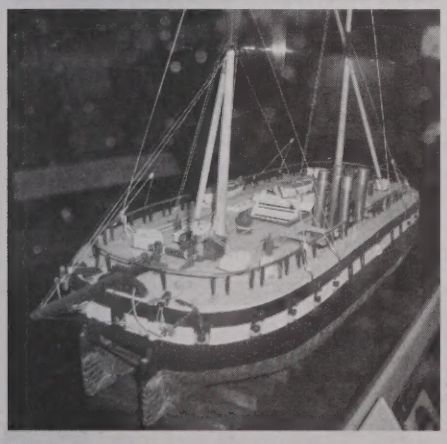
Ships' Draughts

Contemporary dockyard models and the ships they represent were built according to drawings known as draughts (pronounced "drafts") or plans. Drawn to scale (often 1:48), they show the hull form from at least three perspectives; from above, from the broadside, and end-on. The earliest surviving English draughts are those of Matthew Baker from the 1580s. A century later, William Keltridge produced a series of much more sophisticated plans of Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Rates. The collection of draughts at Britain's National Maritime Museum begins in earnest in about the year 1700. William Keltridge drew the first scientific draughts of ships in the 1680s. This example shows the principal views needed to depict a three-dimensional ship in two dimensions; the side profile, the cross-sectional body plan and the half-breadth waterlines.



English Fleet Admiral's Barge c.1690-1700

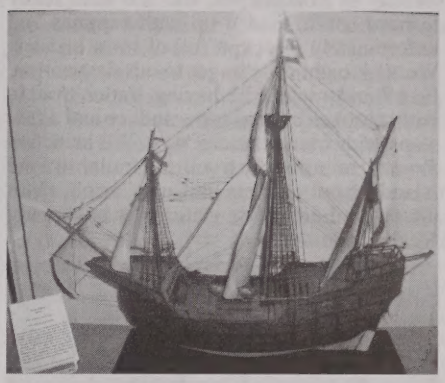
This model represents a barge of the type used by England's Admiral of the Fleet during King William's War (1689-1697). It is far larger and more opulent than previous oared vessels used to ferry flag officers to and from the ships under their command. The delicate "dolphin" cradles that support it are original, as are all but five of the crewmen. The admiral and his guests, none of whom are present, would have been seated in the "stern sheets" just forward of the coxswain.

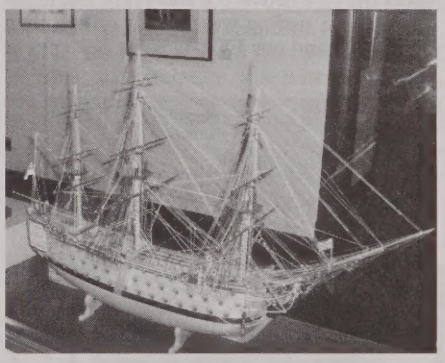


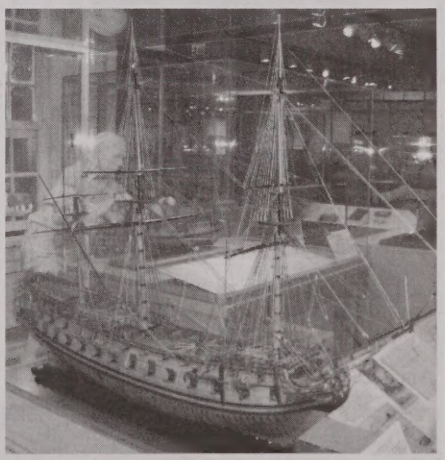
Model of the *Fulton* aka *Demologus*

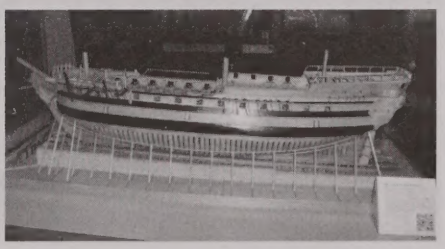
Robert Fulton started out to be an artist, but was not very successful and turned to inventing. He designed a submarine, a amphibious boat, and the first commercially successful steamboat, the *Clermont*. He designed *Fulton*, also called the *Demologus*, which means voice of the people, the first steam warship built for the navy. It was not a seagoing vessel but designed to protect New York harbor from the British in the War of 1812. It has a catamaran hull, and a paddle-wheel between the hulls. The war ended before this boat was completed and was put up. She burned on June14, 1829.

...and more!









Letter from *Presto!*

By Patty Marshall
Man-o-War Cay, March 14, 2014

Our journey began on a sunny but cold Sunday in Middletown, RI. We were ready to head south, loaded up with supplies and unfortunately a cockpit full of snow and ice. We took eight days to get to our destination, Fort Lauderdale, FL, having trailer trouble with a broken spring, snow and ice and a few stops with friends on the way. We launched *Presto!*, returned the truck and trailer to Pine Island for our partners Phil and Carroll, spent a week in Lauderdale getting the boat ready for the crossing.

Ready to leave winter behind.

We set sail on Wednesday, 26 February, about noon, with a fair weather report for the Gulf Stream and Bahamas area. Not bad to start with a southwesterly wind, which strengthened and strengthened during the day, the waves got bigger and bigger, luckily they were on the starboard quarter, and *Presto!* romped along. We put a reef in the main but after a while we dropped it, sailing under the fore between 8 and 11kts, our highest speed in surfing was 14.8kts, yikes, then it got dark and our ETA was for 8.30 pm at West End.

Showing 11knts on the GPS.

By now the wind was honking and we were flying along, quite comfortably considering the sea state, but entering West End was pretty wild, with the seas crashing over the entrance walls. We just steered between the red and green and prayed, I said to Rodger that I was glad it was dark so we couldn't see that much!! Anyway we made it, tied up at the fuel dock and listened to the wind howling all night. Our average speed for the crossing of over 70 miles was 8 knots, not bad for a trailerable 5,000lb 30 footer! We were glad to be in a safe harbor.

We spent the next day waiting for the wind to die down, took advantage of the marina laundry, met some other cruising people who told us about the very northwest islands in the Abaco Chain (the Northernmost Bahamas), especially Double Breasted Cays. We left early the next day for Little Grand Cay, one of the less-visited islands in the northern Abacos, a neat and tidy town, cold beer, ice and a safe anchorage, who could ask for more. We bought three crayfish tails from Sydney for $5, and Phil, the only other white man on Little Grand Cay, loved to fish and on passing back to his boat gave us a grouper, delicious.

After spending a couple of days there we sailed off for nearby Double Breasted Cays. What a beautiful place, strips of land with crystal clear turquoise channels between them, sandy beaches, tidal flats, starfish, etc. Phil, our fisherman came by and gave us a snapper, we gave him a beer. Rodger's recommendation for the best bait to fish with is now "beer" We haven't had such good luck recently though…

Heading east by south we entered the Carter Cays, an uninhabited group of islands with four rather rough looking motor boats "houseboats" almost derelict looking, but come evening the fishermen came back in their Boston Whalers, started up the generators, and spent the night. We learned that they had big freezers on the boats, froze their catch and then would take it to town on Abaco and sell it, quite an operation.

Next on to Allans-Pensacola Cay, anchored in 5' and went ashore to the Allan's Cay Hilton, a camp on the beach with a phone (conch) TV, carpet, most of the items were probably collected from the beach or the abandoned US Autec station. We were greeted by a very friendly chicken, which seemed to be quite healthy. Someone had left a stock pot hanging on a tree with a makeshift wooden lid and inside were some Chex cereal, just the thing for Robinson Crusoe Chicken.

A "signing tree" was marked on the chart and we took the trail across the island to the windward beach and there it was, a tree hung with signs from different boats some dating back over ten years. We added a little one for *Presto!* Had a swim in the waves and headed back to *Presto!* for dinner. The next day the wind was on the nose and we motored into a sloppy chop, keeping close to Great Abaco to stay in more of a lee, heading for White Sound in Green Turtle Cay, a landlocked bay with many cruising boats and some winter residents.

The "signing tree".

We were invited to dinner at Larry & Elizabeth's, friends of a friend, on Saturday, They live in Jamestown, RI in the summer and all the guests at dinner were from RI! Larry & Elizabeth insisted that we should sail to Manjack Cay for the day to meet Bill & Leslie, who have carved out a wonderful garden, coconut grove, and built a great house similar in design to The Barnacle in Coconut Grove. It took them 22 years, but the veggie garden is better than the one I have in RI, all this on a rocky island with only sand. They have a "marina" in a mangrove creek, which is hurricane-proof and perfect for turtles, tarpon and bonefish.

Heading south again we sailed in the shallow past Don't Rock, the sea was running and therefore quite a swell, at one point the waves were breaking behind us! The deeper keel vessels had to go round Whole Cay and those we spoke to said it was quite rough out there.

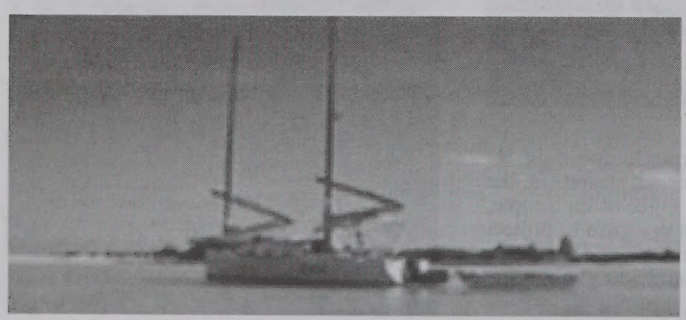
Guano Cay was quiet, not too many boats in the harbor and has a fantastic windward beach, protected by a reef, reported to be the third longest barrier reef in the world. Could be true as it runs the length of the Abaco Islands.

Now we are at Man-o-War, fixing a few items, the solar panel is working well and we can use the computer, listen to music and turn on the lights without worrying about the batteries getting discharged.

That's all for now from Rodger & Patty on *Presto!*.

Guana Cay was quiet, not too many boats in the harbor.

Anchored in the Double Breasted Cays.



Florida Rumination

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

You can distinguish native Floridians from snowbirds when the temperature is around 70°; the Floridians are bundled up like Eskimos in midwinter and the snowbirds are wearing shorts and Hawaiian shirts. Today was one of those days and we went beach walking with other folks from Minnesota, Ohio, and Canada.

Snowbirds must collect shells as if they are unique to the world and precious entities not unlike diamonds and pure gold. These will be brought home in plastic sacks, washed and cleansed and sanitized fit for surgery and placed on the driveway where eventually they will be shoveled with the snow out onto the streets and plowed to God knows where.

I do not know a lightening whelk from Lawrence Welk or a quahog from a mussel. One Iowa state senator complained that the endangered Higgins Eye clam couldn't possibly be endangered because anytime someone wanted to build a marina or dock or shoreside building they will inevitably stumble on Higgins Eye clams. Iowans on the Mississippi side and the Missouri River side have fought those damn clams for years. I wouldn't recognize one from a Sailor's Ear. I probably have pried open several of these rare creatures for bait.

With water, water everywhere I scan the island for marinas and docks to saunter around like I belong there in order to examine sailboats of sundry varieties. Today Ms. Frozen Finland set the Order of the Day to include grocery store shopping. Arriving at Publix (the ubiquitous grocery chain in Florida) I noticed a several sailboats behind the store. Ms. Saloranta was left to herself among the fresh vegetables while I sneaked out to view the boats.

Three Morgan ketches of various sizes up to 72' sat awaiting customers who pay goodly sums with the faint hope of heading into the Gulf and actually seeing a porpoise (or dolphin, don't ask me the difference). I have no clue how to sail a ketch but I did seriously threaten to steal one and attempt to run it up the Mississippi river to Iowa. The lady at the dock had a good laugh and said she would gladly take me out on the Gulf if I paid for four people at $40 per head. If it weren't raining, I'd have taken her up on the offer. I did manage to get back in the grocery store to assist Ms. I-Hate-Sailing with the bags.

The Gulf shall be invaded by this Dinghy Captain if only to annoy Mississippi Bob who is skillfully crafting yet another work of art that belongs in a museum instead of on the water. Bob's boats, canoes, and kayaks are beautiful; but I'd never tell him that. Worse, they are delightful on the water smoothly knifing through the lakes, cleaving waves, and more balanced than the workings of a Swiss watch. Of course I am beyond envious of his talent and knowledge but being a stubborn Iowa Irishman, I'll never, ever admit this in public. I feel a moral necessity to harass Bob by sending him an e-mail talking about warm weather, nice water, and sunshine knowing full well that Apple Valley, MN is barely making 0° while buried under several inches of snow which will continue for at least another ten days. Eat your heart out, Bob!

I finally convinced Ms. Frozen Tundra to take a small afternoon dolphin-watching cruise on a Morgan 52 that nearly blinded me with the glare of highly polished teak and sparking stainless steel everywhere, but the internal beauty of the cabin was ignored for a more sunny and ideal watch post on the bow where I made an ass of myself naming all the rigging and gadgets within sight. I could not help it. Shiny Lewmar wriches and Harken furlers need to be examined and noticed, to say nothing of the sundry lifeline ornamentation and safety equipment, and to mention that while the ketch had sails unfurled and the jib flying, the Captain also had his engine running for faster reaction time in case of a whale sighting or a Canadian overboard.

The sole crew member who was to provide free colas and fruit drinks should anyone desire one (and frankly at the prices charged, a free drink could have been champagne) but said Tar was rarely seen and sat displaying an "attitude" only moving to tie up at the end of the trip and hold up a large bucket for tips. I want her job.

To keep myself from significant withdrawal symptoms, I rationed my winter boating magazines for reading while on vacation. I failed at keeping to this when *Messing About In Boats* had to be read immediately upon arrival, partially because it contained an article that I had written. *Wooden Boat, Small Craft Advisor, Cruising Outpost* and *Good Old Boat* were the rationed editions.

I mulled through the first magazine during week one by re-reading each article twice and admiring the photography earnestly but it barely kept me from craziness until the week passed and I could delve into *Good Old Boat*, a Twin Cities periodical of wonderful DIY information and proffers some attention to the Great Lakes unlike *Sail* or others or that ilk; furthermore, editor Karen Larson has been very nice to me, by declining to print anything written by me. Unfortunately my appetite was greater than my wise planning and the journal was swallowed en toto while my wife went for a walk. I will have to go through this again scouring the ads for interesting concepts.

For "book" reading I have selected several for the month including Steinbeck's incredible *Cannery Row*, Larsson's *Girl Who Played with Fire* (a Jack Higgins spy thriller), Cowling's the *Captain's Story*, plus a Sea-story megapack of short stories that have some connection with the water, and Mark Twain's incredible *Life on the Mississippi*, an all-American classic.

Having never read that particular Twain story, it was high on my to-do list but it had slipped my mind for several years until I stumbled on an article that insisted this was worthy of consuming; plus it was free (or very cheap) on Kindle that is so unburdensome when traveling. I grew up on the Mississippi river and had drowned worms in her sloughs, left a rather jaunty cap in the channel, and watched barges by the thousands before heading to college. I canoed under a bridge over a backwater area and saw a hand-painted sign reading "Dan Regan, USN 1939". My Dad was only a junior in high school at that time and would indeed join the Navy in early 1941 before requesting assignment with the Fleet Marines in the fall of that year before Pearl Harbor because he wanted to see something of the world and San Diego was getting pretty boring. His wishes came true and his 9th Marines got the pleasure of visiting with the Japanese on Bougainville and Guam but was sent home as an element of a new Marine division that never was formed and missed Iwo Jima where his former unit suffered overwhelming casualties.

Nevertheless, life along the Mighty Mrs. Sippy is as unique as a seafarer's café in New England, providing river folk personalities, tall tales, tons of history, a specific definition as to manhood, and a love of the water that land people cannot possibly comprehend, a style that has not changed for 150 years, albeit now a bit more technological. The stories in a typical river bar could fertilize Iowa for a generation. Frustrated dropout university professors sit beside junior high dropout fishermen complaining about whatever is the topic of the day, dentists chat with toothless locals about fish they only dreamed of catching, and someone always has a get-rich-quick scheme, which on occasion is actually a get-rich-scheme such as buying a bunch of lots on a sand pile in the 1950s that is now Padre Island.

Samuel Clemens (okay, Mark Twain) wrote with sagacity for humor, a sense of devotion, and a style hammered out through experience in river town newspapers and a great imagination. Although Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn may have earned the great prizes of literature, *Life On the Mississippi* is observably one of the best-written books in our language, displaying an artistry of sentence development, paragraph structure, and thematic evolution while tossing in sidebars of pure American experience and humor. This is the book that is a must for students of Writing and Literature. If you haven't read it, do so. Try it out in the winter while awaiting sailing weather or set anchor, pop a beer, and enjoy it on the water. My Florida trip was significantly better because of Twain's book.

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My Capsize

By John Smith
Reprinted *from The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the
Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Looking back at my turning turtle, I likely set a club record for how quickly I won the sunken plunger award as, in practical terms, it was my first sail in *Asryda.* I still get asked how it came to happen. Having reviewed this moment countless times, I've come to the conclusion that several factors came together.

Asryda is a Swifty 15. As designed, it has the twin keels and no centerboard. A phone call with Fred Shell led to the *Asryda* having a centerboard (really a daggerboard). That played a part in my capsize.

I have had a single complaint insofar as the design of the Swifty 15 is concerned. In laymen's terms, the mast is stepped by putting it through a hole in the deck and resting the foot in a hole in the bilge. This was a mildly difficult task in light air. In the heavy winds on Barnegat on this day it proved a Herculean task. There is a learned technique for putting the sprit boom in place, but I had not learned it as yet so I struggled enough that I decided to sail without it. That did not contribute to my capsize. At lunch I got some assistance from club members and we got the sprit broom into its proper position. I left lunch with main and mizzen.

I crossed the bay several times at good speed and great stability. In spite of the high wind and rough seas I never even got spray in my face. It took a bit to learn that going about required just a bit of tiller movement. Move it too far and those two large rudders act like brakes and stop *Asryda* rather than doing much turning of her.

After having one of the best sails of my life, we headed downwind to Trixie's, where

we had launched, and I found myself having too few hands. I should have pulled the daggerboard up but that would have required moving to a position more centered, and since I was the ballast that seemed unwise. I decided it would keep until I got to calmer waters. I also wanted to let the mainsheet out a bit but we seemed to be doing OK as it was, so I concentrated on steering and staying upright until I got out of the rough water.

THEN IT HAPPENED! The daggerboard caught on something. My immediate reaction was to head into the wind, but in the urgency of the moment I forgot what I had learned about the boat and threw the tiller over, which simply applied the brakes and I lost steerage. At this moment the following sea gave me the final nudge and over we went. We were upside down and the mast hit the bottom, which made the whole situation worse.

I didn't know, but had the mast not come in contact with the bottom of the bay it's possible I could have righted the boat, and I had a transom ladder that I could climb up on. When Sea Tow did right the boat, everything was still in it. Only a couple of inches of water were in the bilge. I survived with my ego suffering the most damage. I'm told others that day did not survive similar incidents.

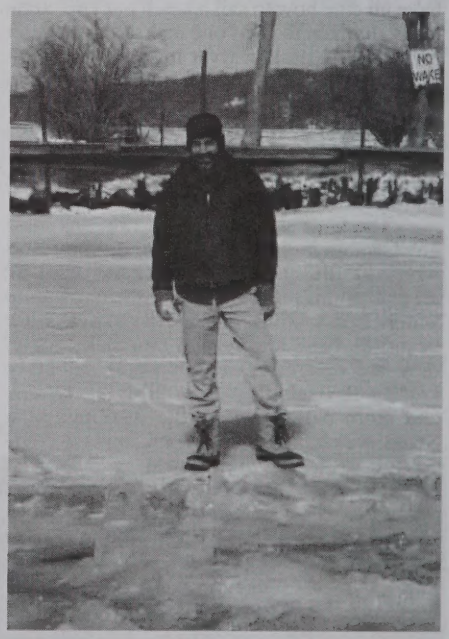
If my board had not been down, it couldn't have caught anything and this incident wouldn't have happened. If I'd remembered not to shove the helm to the extreme, this capsize wouldn't have happened. If I hadn't been hit by a large swell at just that moment, I would not have capsized. A "perfect storm" so to speak. Three things coming together at one time and two of them I had control of, or at least should have had control over.

The rest of the story is well known and even I laugh at it now. The only thing that angered me a bit is Sea Tow would make NO effort to rescue my mast and the sails attached to it. One thing that bothers me is the lack of functional boarding ladders. That large sailboat had a ladder but it was not functional. Even Sea Tow had no ladder. We make a point of wearing life jackets, definitely a good idea. We have no such apparent concern about getting back aboard should we go for an unexpected swim. Maybe we should give that a bit of thought.

Lighthouse Duty on the Hudson

By Dock Shuter

As part of my duties I sometimes conduct a surprise inspection. Things looked good, but the Keeper was uncooperative & wouldn't come over to talk to me, some excuse about an icebreaker.



Welcome To

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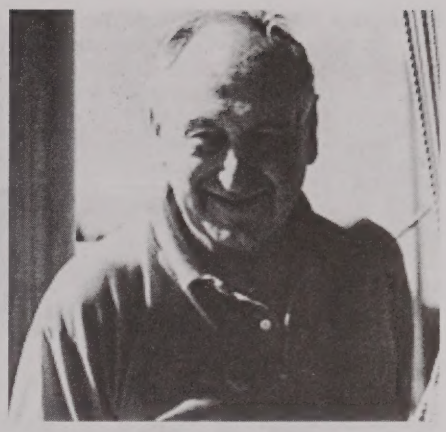

We are a museum of maritime programs with a focus on traditional small boats. Our mission is to have visitors participate in hands-on history. You can leave with experience sailing classic boats, building classic boats and a plethora of other maritime heritage skills from splicing a line to caulking a seam.

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CWB is re-awakening the means of education that involves the tools and skills our ancestors used. You may be carving a Northwest native canoe, skinning an Aleut baidarka or planking a skiff. You will leave with pride of accomplishment and blisters on your hands.

Beware, CWB experiences have changed lives.

Since 1983, our South Lake Union campus has been a hub of hands-on learning. The boatshop hosts restoration projects and workshops and our floating Gallery features rotating exhibits on maritime heritage and culture. Next door, Lake Union Park hosts many other non-profit and maritime organizations, making WB part of a vibrant urban oasis. cwb.org/slu

While Puget Sound once was dotted with waterfront fishing resorts, Cama Beach State Park is now our region's only mid-20th century resort still open to the public. Open in partnership with Washington State Parks, CWB operates the historic boathouse and boatshop, bringing many of our signature programs to Camano Island. cwb.org/cama

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Princess Anne

By Capt Vern Fairhead
Reprinted from *Smokestack*
Journal of the North American
Steamboat Association
northamericansba.org

I am about to tell you a story about a certain little wooden steamboat called the *Princess Anne*. As I am the last of at least four owners who have had the pleasure of owning this fine little launch, I thought it time to do a little research into her history and, I must admit that I am guilty of the most grievous of sins, for I have not yet used her; in fact, I have not even steamed her up once, having owned her for over two years and counting. I am seeking redemption from all steamboat owners in the club, so please forgive me.

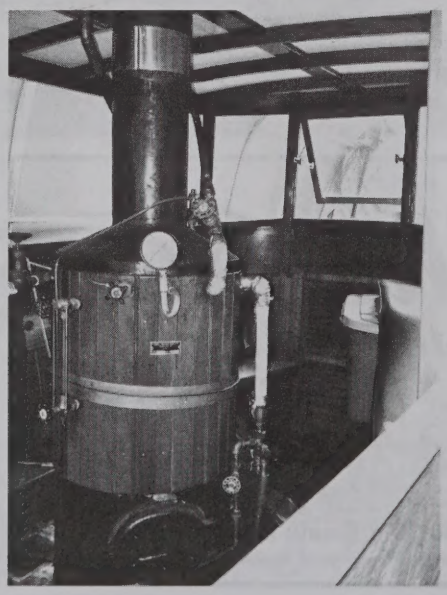
My excuse is poor but the fact is I have very limited time, mostly governed by being the owner and captain of a tall ship, a 70', 30 ton wooden schooner called *La Revenante* (the ghost that returned) which has taken its priority with my time and short summers here in the Canadian Great Lakes region, especially with the War of 1812 commemorations taking place the past two years, which has kept us quite busy.

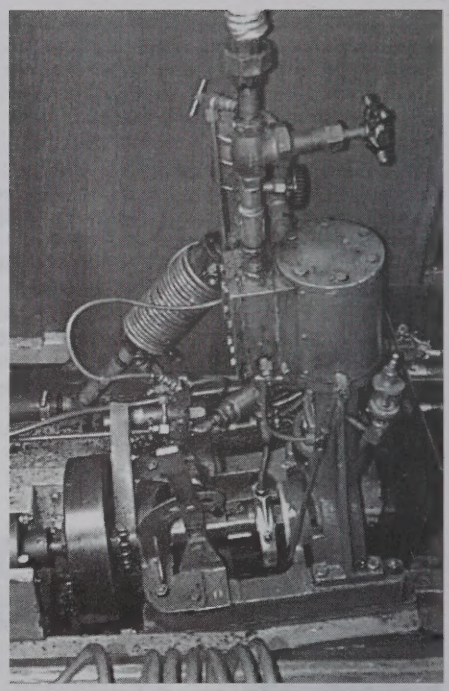
You folks may remember the summer of 2012 when we visited the Clayton, New York, Antique Boat Museum, and yes we were the schooner that needed a tow off the jetty by a pretty little launch called *Sayonara*, but it worked and thanks again Captain Dave and first mate/engineer Barb for your assistance and an apology to Bill Burwell for borrowing long term his boat hook.

All the information that I have on the *Princess Anne* comes from the various documents, sales contracts and telephone interviews conducted with previous owners, with a special mention and thanks to Mrs Mary Semple of St Louis, Missouri, who was kind enough to send me some of the earlier history that was present in her files, along with a few images including the steamboat model, and not to mention some fine engineering drawings of the Semple engine. This story, therefore, is about the steamboat *Princess Anne*, her documented construction scantlings and details, her purpose and her various owners from the early 1970s to present day.

Searching old records and files I have been able to find out that the *Princess Anne* was originally the dream and inspiration of a man named Mr Allan Newman, who was also the owner and operator of a Vallejo, California, boat yard (Napa River) and marina called ABC Marine Service and Chandlery. He contracted and employed a master boat builder named Mr Robert E. "Bob" De Roy, who designed and built the boat over a ten year period at Mr Newman's marina. According to documents provided construction started in July of 1975 and was completed in June of 1985.

She was built with the finest materials available, white oak, mahogany frames and planked with Port Orford cedar with fastenings of silicon bronze. Interior appointments are of Bruynzeel Honduran mahogany plywood plus some custom bronze hardware and fittings. There were also four compartmentalized stainless steel tanks of 80 gallons capacity in the stern under the thwarts to feed the boiler. Power is by a 5hp Semple 3x4 model 34-DL single cylinder steam engine with the complimenting PT40 Semple VFT mahogany centre bead stave clad boiler which can provide operating pressures of 150psi.





Also designed into her construction was a starboard side steering station which allows for single handed operation and control while tending the fire. The steam engine drive has a lever operated slip eccentric reversing mechanism, a hot well and copper keel condenser, and a three bladed 16" bronze propeller attached to a stainless steel shaft with support bearing.

The *Princess Anne* apparently was named after his first wife. Not a lot is known about the history and use of the *Princess Anne* after launch in 1985, but one would have to assume that Mr Newman was able to use and enjoy his steam launch on numerous outings and occasions. On or about 2001-2002 the steamboat ended up at a Victoria, British Columbia, boatyard owned and run by the Sail and Life Training Society, better known as SALTS and, ironically, I was an eastern Canadian agent for that group, but of course never knew about the boat in question. It turns out that it was donated to the non profit group for a tax receipt.

A Mr John Irwin from the Toronto area was visiting Victoria during this time, saw the *Princess Anne* and made a deal to purchase her and have her delivered to his vacation lodge in the Haliburton Highlands north of the city of Toronto. He owned the vessel from 2003 until 2009, using it on numerous occasions, as photographs have proven, and eventually he sold the boat and lodge as a package deal to a Mr Erik de Witte in 2009, also from the Toronto area. I think Erik was a steamboat neophyte but managed, with some guidance, to use the *Princess Anne* on occasion. He owned the vessel up until the spring of 2012, at which time I made a deal to take over ownership and move the boat to my farm near Shawville, Quebec. So in early May, on her custom made but rather rickety trailer, she made the trip home safely back to my farm in the upper Ottawa Valley.

So why did I want to buy a steamboat, and why the *Princess Anne*? Is this what retired tall ship captains resort to when they run out of steam? I do not have an answer to the question to this day, but the urge came to me suddenly and quickly, and not sure why,

but I just instinctively reacted and made the purchase. I would also like to mention that there were not a lot of steam launches for sale to choose from in 2011-2012. Perhaps it was the price of fuel and gas that triggered me onwards, and considering that I had a sawmill and wood products business, including a 100 acre woodlot with loads of scrap wood to burn, prodded me on.

But never in my past had I ever had an interest in this hobby. I have owned numerous wooden sailboats including two tall ships, all equipped with four stroke diesels and always having the sailing options to keep travel costs down, but I wanted a steamboat. Anyway, when the epiphany hit me during the fall of 2011, I just knew somehow I had to make a change in my life, buy a steamboat and stay closer to home, especially in the summer.

So there you have it, and now that I have made the plunge into the steamboat world, one of my dreams on the bucket list is to travel the upper Ottawa River exploring some of the logging and lumbering history which was so important to this area and its culture. I am hoping some of the club's membership can join me in this quest of voyages, either as guests on the *Princess Anne*, or in their own vessels. I would love to have some help and guidance from the club's membership to finally steam up the *Princess Anne* (without hurting myself and others) and finally get her steaming on the water again where she belongs.

I will also mention that a bunch of us lads up here in the Ottawa Valley have an interest in resurrecting and building a steam powered "Alligator Boat." A gentleman you all know well, Dr Bill Burwell, is leading the charge and we hope to venture into the wilds of Quebec this summer to view some of the old abandoned wrecks, but that will be another story down the pipe so stay tuned on that as it begins to unfold as it's going to be quite the adventure.

Happy steaming and hope to see you all at Clayton in 2014 aboard the steam launch *Princess Anne*.

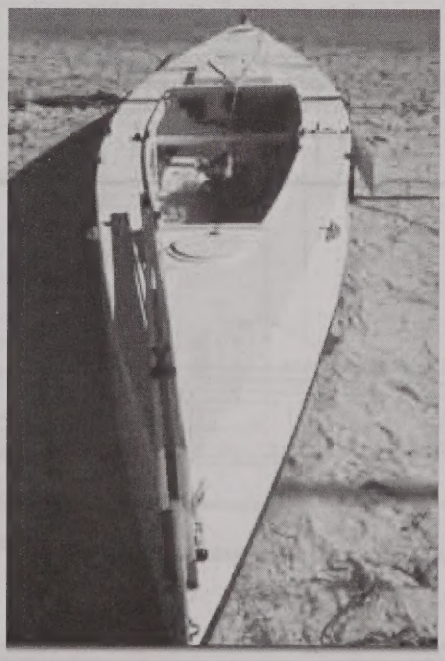
Everglades Challenge

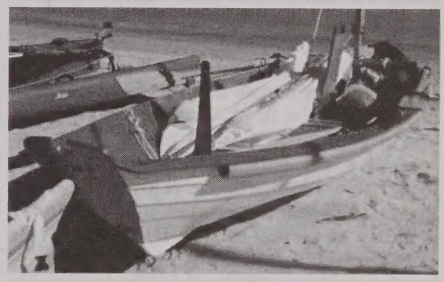
A Preview

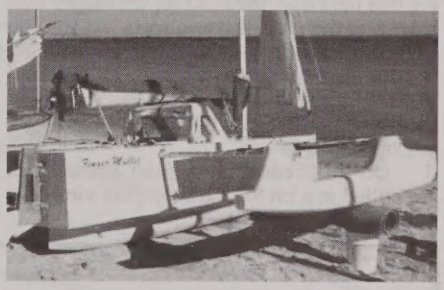
By Dave Lucas

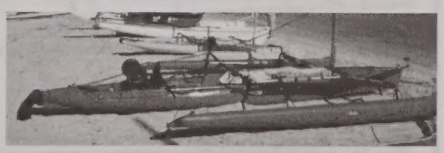
These pictures may overwhelm you but the boats seemed to go on forever. And to think that all these folks are going to push off tomorrow at dawn and head for Key Largo, 300 miles south, and try to reach it in less than eight days. The Everglades Challenge is not a race so much as it's a test of will. Expedition style means that once you push off from here, you're on your own.

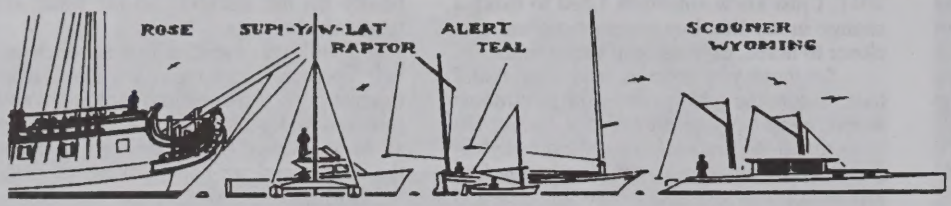
There weren't many homemade boats here this year, but there were lots of highly modified factory boats. There were dozens of the little Hobie tris all over the place, they must be fast and safe enough to appeal to a lot of people. If you want to follow the boats all the way, just click around the watertribe website until you find the live reports.











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Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

More Preliminary Studies for Champlain-28
28' x 8'2" x 1'8" x 25hp
Part 4 of 2*
Model 6 "The Sedan-Cruiser"

As promised, indeed a very different layout on that same hull. The visual style is about as old as motor boating and in comparison to the glass house flavors thus far, (obviously) fewer windows, but also less internal volume, much less airy bulk in profile, a less handy access to the bow-cockpit and likely a bit less effort to build as well.

That having been said, the raised-deck shorter wheelhouse geometry has its own distinct charms. Coming aboard, there is the same 4.25' x 6.5' aft-cockpit with ample room for two folding chairs in addition to the two built-in seats, flanking the outboard hood. And as before, with that hood made that much higher, it would cover the 50hp or 60hp 4-cylinder sisters to the 25hp 2-cylinder model. Some will still need no more than a large prop 9.9hp motor, with this geometry shown allowing changing one's mind across the life of the boat without surgery on the cockpit.

The wheelhouse measures just under 8' in length on the floor, nearer 10' to the bottom of windshield's center-panel. To the left, space for a 2-person galley together with the by now familiar stove & oven under the 'navigator's seat to port; baking stuff aboard is messy and a real treat… To starboard, the same 'wet-cell' as in the other layout, including that dent over the head for the ladder outside. And then it is just two seats just for two folks. Still five drop-down windows, with the windshield's center panel top hinged opening as wide as you'd like ventilation. You could mess with a skylight, but things seem light and open as it is.

On this Sedan-Cruiser the house sides are pulled in a bit to a straight plan view line to get that visual break between the house and the raised deck forward. And this allows making the house a bit higher in this part of the boat than before for a full 6'6" headroom right on centerline.

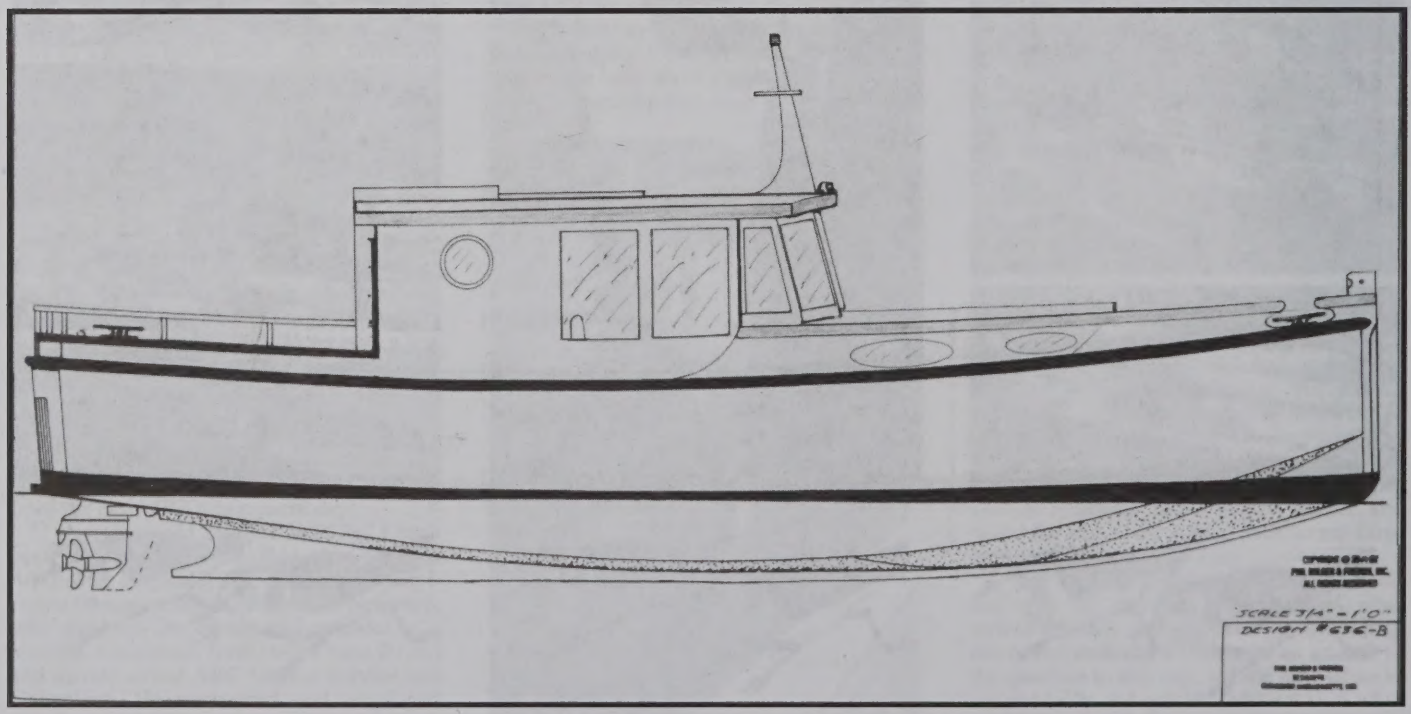
Since there was not time to do the outside plan view perspective ("how much time would that have taken… really??!!"), possibly less readily visible here is the 3" or so transverse arc in her roof section, visually quite attractive in conjunction with the same geometry for the foredeck. The hull is plenty square enough to have those curves balance things out a good amount from about every angle of looking at her. In the glass house version earlier you'd have never much noticed her flat across roof section because there was so much curve in profile. Here we'd just go the other way, while again avoiding compound surfaces that would seriously aggravate trying to build them.

Two 6" steps down and forward, it is time duck to about a 5' stoop before settling on one of those 6'8" long settees; at night we must call them berths of course. That box-keel provides a fine footwell to have the berth elevation match the hull bottom arching up forward and still have between 3'3" to 3'5" sitting height under the foredeck ceiling. Since that deck can be built with its crossbeams inside a sandwich between foam insulation you can avoid skullcrackers. Some will of course insist on living the hard way and from then on will invite each guest forward with the futile mind-your-head greeting.

Phil's *Resolution* had this layout in her library abaft the main cabin, about 2.5' wider since she is 11' beam versus this hull's 8'. In the full-headroom middle of her, Phil would often take at least one meal standing at the stove, hatch open perhaps, sink handy, while brewing a cup of coffee. But then he'd take that coffee and a cookie or two to retreat into this cozy space to slouch into a perfect position on several pillows and read, perhaps doze off for a catnap. Like here, a modest table between the settees worked just fine for all sorts of duties and a window or two at eye level offers prime, since apparently invisible, bird-watching from very close distances not likely outside. I still could never get what they were saying though…

On her 48' overall length, *Resolution* could afford bookshelves on both ends of this cabin. Here there'd be a few shelf feet possible forward flanking the access to her bow cockpit. If one gave that up in favor of just a hatch to do ground-tackle work from, then more books plus more storage options would be conceivable. And while on *Resolution*, a 2'x3' opening skylight worked perfectly for lighting and ventilation, here the ports in the raised deck sides, a white ceiling and the wheelhouse windshield might be enough.

Going forward will require either one side of the table to drop a leaf, or just have it



swing around a vertical pivot right over one settee, with coffee and cookies still in place. At the cabin's bow end, that box keel still offers 4'8" of head-room before you fold forward the bottom-hinged panel that allows supporting a backrest outside. You are looking essentially at a two-door four-seater car seat articulation/ geometry without the doors…

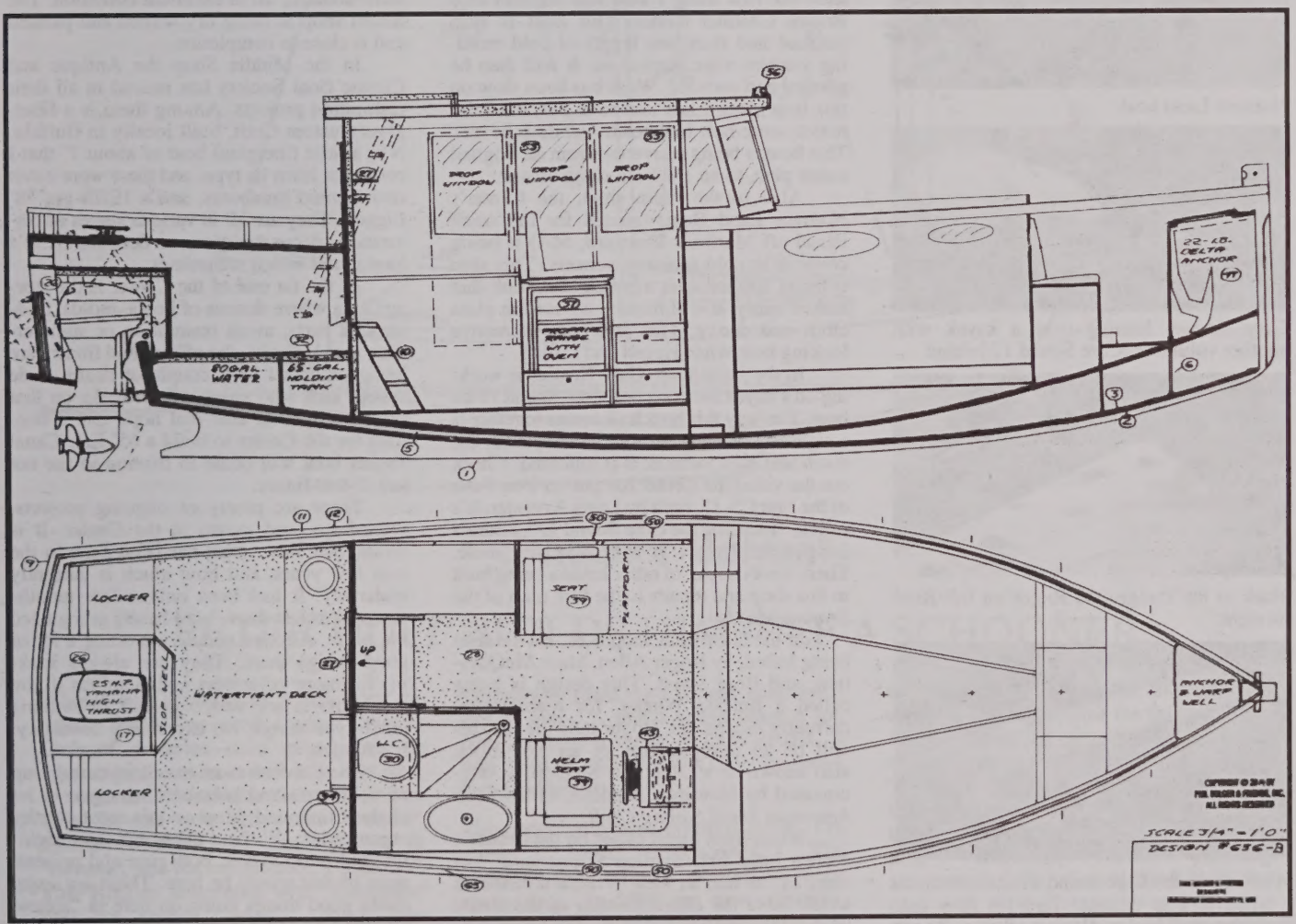
So, with that backrest-panel flat and forward on the seat cushion, the whole seat is side hinged and thus gets swung out some 100°+ into the vertical to open up the 2' wide access into the small bow cockpit. With that center part of the bench folded back down again, there is about 4' of usable sitting width on about 39" of depth to add a fourth people area aboard to primarily do the anchor work from and whatever else comes to mind there.

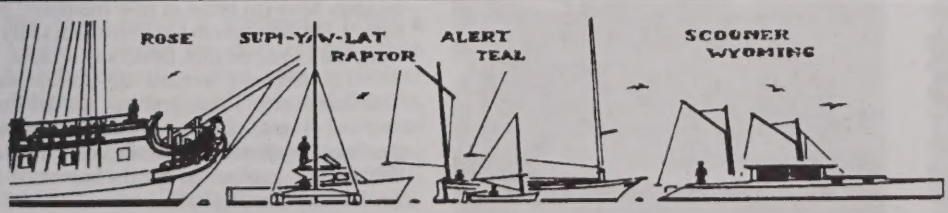
If you want to be picky beyond the bow cockpit, the cabin, the wheelhouse and the aft cockpit, there would be the head and, of course, the roof top, and finally the foredeck to be counted as people-areas (there must be a better phrase…).

What we are bit shyer on is stowage and tankage. Wardrobe goes under settees, into the 1' long locker to port and the clothes shelves across to starboard. Food, water and waste water are in the usual places. Wet slickers get to drip in the head. Just where to put the fuel… yes, the fuel?! Actually, it may a take an aluminum custom tank to make the most of what remains here, but there should be volume for around 100 gals if we pinch the water and waste water tankage under the after deck with a centerline fuel tank, supplemented by a belly-tank into that shallowing box-keel on centerline under the wheel-house sole. We'll see. Batteries…

And, of course, we can play with raised-deck windows' shapes, small deck edge railings, perhaps a stern-davit for the dink, try greater roof and deck arcs, cock up the after end of the wheel-house roof, then figure where the radar should go, the usual paint scheme trial excesses, a pair of those red-mouthed directable wind scoops perhaps, etc. etc. Even as just a paper boat, a good deal of fun.

In the next issue, a look at more power-options, another layout or two. However, this series will actually come to an end, eventually! And then it's on to the next…





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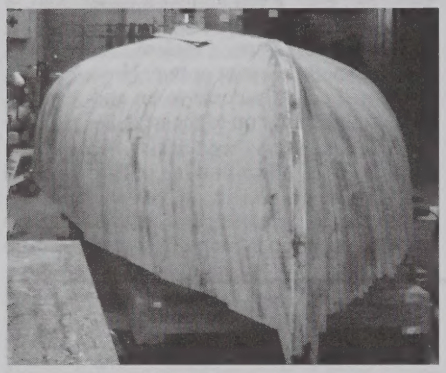
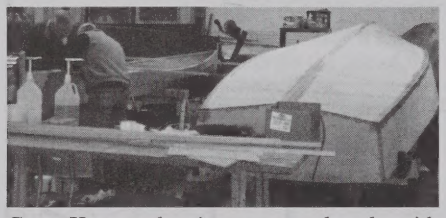
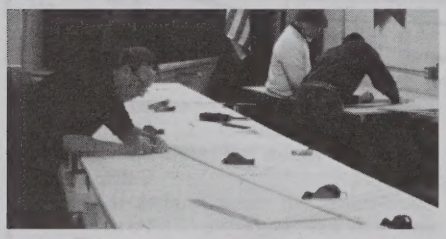
Bristol Channel Cutter.



Nomans Land boat.



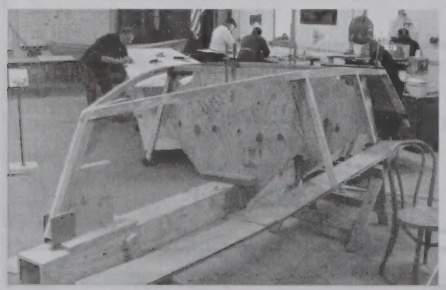
Gary Kresser leaning over a kayak with another volunteer, Core Sound 17 behind



Mark in the foreground Roger on left Brad on right.

Working on the Core sound 17.

Building molds for flatiron skiffs, Roger Allen wearing the hat, Brad Swett with back to the camera checking the offsets, and Mark Mc Question at the lofting table.



Buffalo Maritime Center

Update 2014

By Greg Grundtisch

There has been lot going on this winter at The Buffalo Maritime Center, and much more on the way for spring and summer. As Roger Allan reported in the March issue, "You write to us about…, "it is crazy busy". When I read that, I realized how many months it had been since I was last there. Work schedules and obligations were not working out very well and the weather played a part also. I finally did arrive in late February and got to check out all the projects as previously reported. And I took some pictures.

As I entered the building into the main shop the first thing I saw was the hull of a Bristol Channel Cutter. This boat is strip planked and then two layers of cold molding veneers were stapled on. It will then be glassed and epoxied. Work has been slow on this boat since I last looked at her, but I did notice some new bulkheads and deck beams. This boat is being converted from an original cutter plan, to an 1812 era sloop of war.

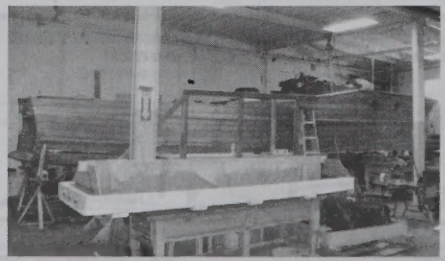
Also in the main shop, the Center's Nomans Land Boat, (named for the small island off Martha's Vineyard, MA) is being covered in cold molding veneers. This skin is being applied over a batten seam hull that leaked badly. It will then be covered in glass cloth and epoxy. This is a very attractive looking boat when rigged and sailing.

In the same shop, Gary Kresser is working on a kayak and a second Core Sound 17 kit boat. The way this boat hull comes together is a sight to see. A rather new technique for the stitch and glue method. It is unfolded! Check out the video the Center has put on You Tube of the first CS-17, built by Laura Koessler. It's called, "Building the Core Sound 17", Laura's Sophomore Project. It will make you smile. There are a couple of other kayaks being built in this shop and repairs to the fore mast of the *Scajaquada* also.

In the classroom shop a 22' cat-ketch is being lofted, by Roger Allen, Mark McQuestion, and Brad Swett. This design is being called a Buffalo Whaler, for reasons that currently escape me. Roger tells me that his will be an interpretation of an Erie Boat, also known as a Lake Erie Shallop, as documented by Howard Chappelle, in his book *American Small Sailing Craft.*

When Brad Swett sailed on the Center's replica Lake Erie Shallop *Scajaquada* last summer, he had an idea to build a boat that would have the characteristics of the area's boats of the period, but also be easier to construct and row, along with consideration for safety and maintenance. It will be easier to trailer and more applicable to the activities the Center partners with, with educational organizations. The Center accepted the challenge, and Brad Swett generously provided the funding for the BMC volunteer crew to begin the build.

The Ligget.



The plans call for a glued-lap skiff with a cat-ketch lug rig. The basic idea for the design is to make it a handier boat to trailer and rig on site, and thus be more accessible to the area's wide variety of lakes and rivers, for "on the water" educational programs. Roger says, "If the design proves as handy as we think she'll be, we hope to build some sisters for use in expanded programs with our many educational partners".

At the other end of the classroom shop there were three flat iron skiffs being built on molds. These are being built by kids from a local charter school.

The machine shop is getting set up and wired for about a dozen machines that were donated, all in excellent condition. The model shop is being dry walled and painted and is close to completion.

In the Middle Shop the Antique and Classic Boat Society has moved in all their restoration projects. Among them is a fiberglass Custom Craft, built locally in Buffalo, NY, a little fiberglass boat of about 7' that I could not learn its type, and there were cabin cruisers and runabouts, and a 1920s era 38' Liggett. They are all in various stages of restoration, deconstruction, or destruction. It's hard to tell which sometimes.

At the far end of the Center is the storage area where dozens of boats, molds, trailers and parts, await restoration or summertime use. Upstairs, the offices and library are being rehabbed by a couple of dozen trade school kids who spent a few weeks on that project. There is also real hope that a contract for the Center to build a 65' Erie Canal Packet boat will come to fruition in the not too distant future.

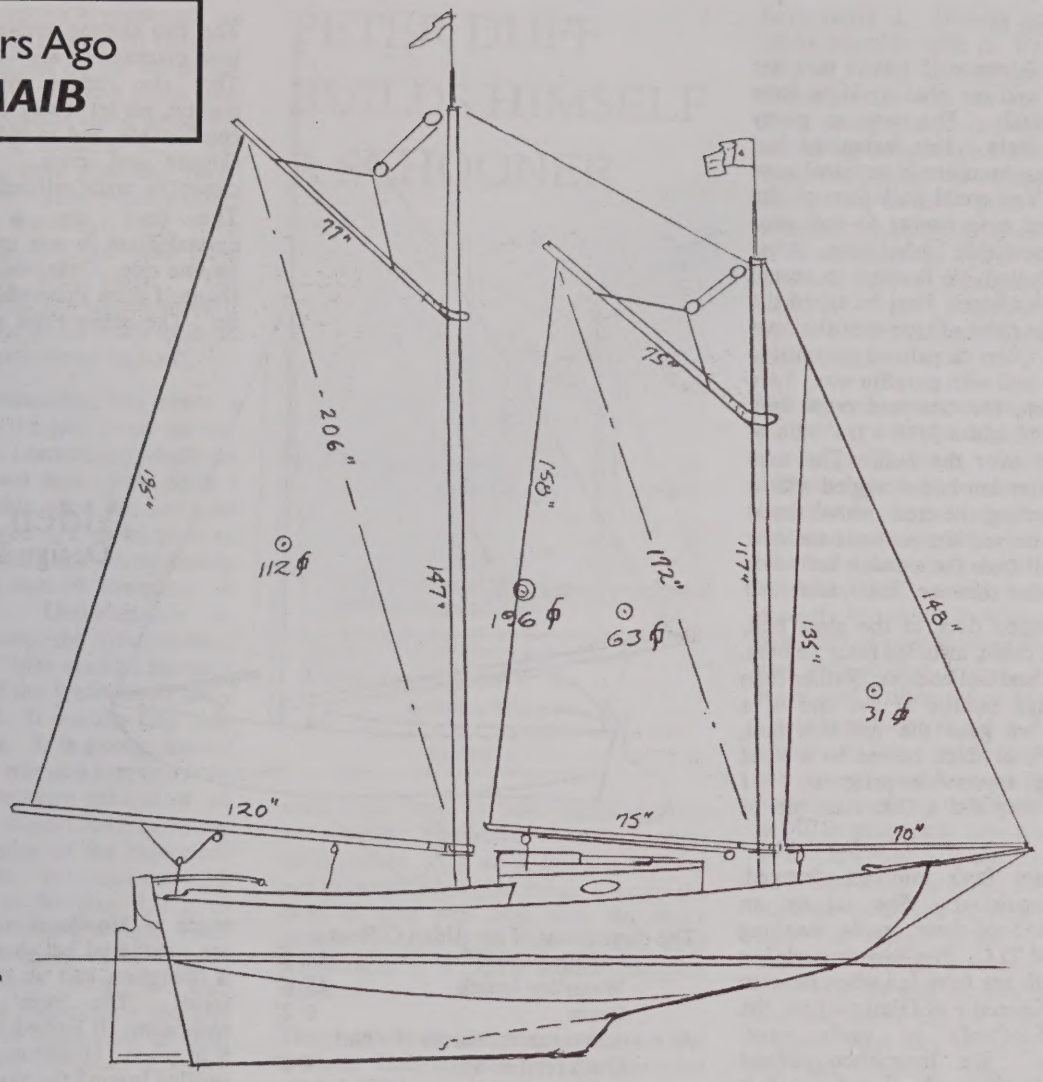
There are plenty of ongoing projects, workshops, and events at the Center. It is remarkable how much has been done in the past few years, and how much is currently underway. It had been only a few months since I was last there, but I hardly recognized the place. A lot of people are doing a lot of good things there. They are always looking for more volunteers and members if you would like to help with boat stuff, or building rehab type things. No experience necessary. It's fun too.

The Center has an excellent core group of volunteers and members who give a lot of their time and talent to this most worthy organization. Without them, and the insightful leadership vision, both past and present, none of this would be here. There are some really good things going on here in "almost Canada". For sure it isn't the weather. But, it is toasty warm inside the building.

I have in the past suggested to Roger, that a Dave Lucas type Tiki Hut be built in a little-used corner of the classroom shop to help relieve the stresses and strains that busy boat builders have (to bring in new members, perhaps?), He didn't seem too interested; sadly no work has begun on this. Don't say it Dave.

The Center's website is: BuffaloMaritimeCenter.org. There you can get information on events, classes, workshops, photos, the latest projects, and contact information. The Center is also the local chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association. Information for that is on there as well

25 Years Ago in ***MAIB***



Schooner "Jolyon"

PETER DUFF BUILDS HIMSELF A SCHOONER

When I was growing up, yawls were the rage. Some fine print in the Cruising Club of America Rule gave yawls an advantage . . . mizzen sail area was free, or some such loophole. So yawls it was. Olin Stevens gave the world "Dorade", "Stormy Weather", the giants "Bolero" & "Baruna", and the remarkable "Finisterre". Phil Rhodes countered with "Escapade" and the grand "Carina". Even John Alden, the king of schooner designers, succumbed to the fad with "Royono" and others. The siren song of the yawl was almost irresistible to an impressionable youth. But I still preferred schooners.

I've never owned a schooner. I had a couple of sloops for short periods while still in school. Next was a Bolger designed, ketch rigged, leeboard sharpie, called "Blackgauntlet", that I built and owned for 17 years. Overlapping the end of my ownership of her were the STONE HORSE sloops my company built. Technically speaking I owned each for a day or two . . . and I sailed them a lot. Next I owned a series of DOVEKIEs. I now own a SHEARWATER cat-yawl. But no schooner.

The opportunity now presents itself. I'm going to build a schooner. The opportunity is unusual enough to merit recounting. In 1969, my new company, Edey & Duff, moved into rented space at Aucoot Boat Yard, in Mattapoisett. We started work there on the STONE HORSE sloops that have been Edey & Duff's stock-in-trade for 20 years. While poking about in the Yard shortly after we moved in, I quite unexpectedly found what turned out to be my father-in-law's Alden O-boat, "Jolyon". She was little more than a derelict.

My son, Ian, was turning into a pretty fair carpenter/boatbuilder. I could sense him pawing the ground, shifting from one foot to the other, looking for a project to absorb his energies over the following, his 14th, summer. I casually suggested we may be able to negotiate his ownership of "Jolyon". If we could, what would he think of the idea of converting her from a sloop-rigged, centerboard daysailer into a keel schooner, with cruising accommodations. Ian latched onto the idea with pit bull tenacity and ferocity. Our negotiation was successful, so when summer arrived, he dove in.

His first task was to remove the old deck (it suffered from rot and nail sickness). He replaced it with a cold molded wooden deck: three plies of quarter inch plywood, tortured to comply with the crown of the deck and the spring of the sheer. He glued them together to form a sandwich. Such a structure is very strong and stiff. It will hold the shape it was molded to, without the need for deck beams. This took his available time

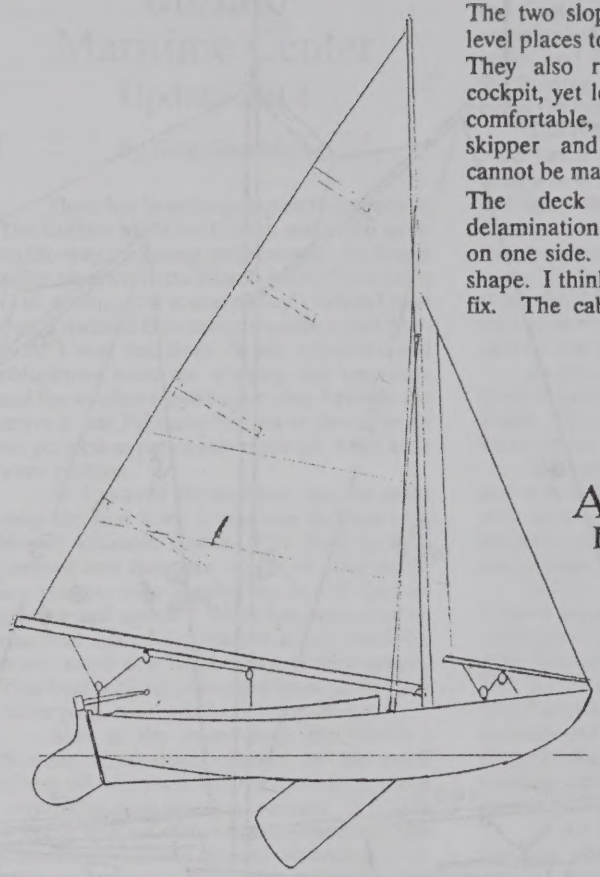
during Summer 14.

The plan for Summer 15 was to turn her upside down and see what could be done about her hull. She was a pretty discouraging sight. Her fastenings had the look of an imminently terminal case of old age. You could walk through the seams without even having to doff your top hat. A veritable basket case. After some consultation, he decided to accept his old man's advice. First he taped the seams and ran strips of tape over the rows of fastenings. Next he painted the outside of the whole hull with paraffin wax. Late one afternoon, the boatyard crew took over. We hand laid a 3/16 - 1/4" skin of fiberglass all over the hull. The next afternoon, after Ian had struggled with it alone all morning, the crew overwhelmed the job, and helped him separate the new fiberglass hull from the wooden hull. For the rest of the summer, Ian transferred the cold-molded deck to the glass hull, built a small cabin, installed floor timbers, and built an unusual cockpit. Rather than the traditional bonfire at the end of a boat's life, we gave the nail-sick hull, without deck or deck beams to a local boatbuilding apprentice program. I understand they did a first class job of restoration.

At this point Ian's interests changed. "Jolyon" languished. She sat on an oversize, hand-me-down cradle, awaiting the return of TLC. Part way through her wait, I bought her from Ian when he went off to the University of Glasgow (yes, the one in Scotland) to study naval architecture. She languished several years more in my hands. Now her wait is over. I'm going to finish her off . . . as a schooner.

She is sitting on the same oversize cradle in the yard outside my home shop. My partner, Mait Edey, and I sold Edey & Duff two years ago. Edey & Duff, Ltd. is still building STONE HORSEs, DOVEKIEs, SHEARWATERs, and DOUGHDISHes, with the same crew and managers, at the same location, but without me. I have many irons in the fire. For much of the Spring, completing "Jolyon" will be my major task. I cannot possibly afford to keep her. I have too many boats already. So, after sailing her a bit, she'll be offered for sale. But for a short while, at least, I'll be the owner and master of (fanfare, please!!!!) A SCHOONER!

Why a schooner? Aside from the romance that I've been staving off for 40 years, the schooner rig is stronger, yet less stressed than the original sloop rig. It gives more strings to pull, thus keeping young kids occupied. It gives an intermediate level sailor a wider chance for learning, without overwhelming him or her. And she'll be excruciatingly cute under way and at anchor.



Alden O-boat
Design No. 169

The dimensions of my Alden O-Boat are:

Length overall	18' 3"
Waterline length	15' 6"
Beam	6' 2"

As a wooden centerboarder she had:

Draft (cbd down)	4' 6"
Ballast	300#, pigs laid in bilge
Sail area (sloop)	192 sq. ft.

As a fiberglass keel boat she will have:

Draft	2' 0"
Ballast	300# cast lead shoe on keel
Sail area (schooner)	196 sq. ft.

Let me tell you what I've got as my starting point. First, there is a sound fiberglass hull, partially smoothed on the outside, nearly smooth on the inside. It's a straight fiberglass laminate. There is no Airex foam core. Its thickness would have distorted the lines too much. The deadwood is bolted to it, but there is not yet any ballast. There's a bobstay tang let into the stem to take the bottom end of the bobstay. A lower gudgeon for the bottom pintle of the rudder is installed near the bottom of the deadwood. Inside, floor "timbers" have been glassed in. An oak king plank, to distribute the thrust of the two masts, is secured atop the floors. There are two bulkheads. One near the bow forms an anchor warp bin. The other forms the aft end of the cabin space and the forward end of the cockpit.

The cockpit is unusual in that its sole is shaped like the roof on a house, as shown in Fig. 1. That is, it has a "ridge pole" running fore and aft along the centerline. The two sloping surfaces give the crew level places to sit when the boat is heeled. They also reduce the volume of the cockpit, yet let it stay deep enough to be comfortable, and to hide the out-of-scale skipper and crew. Unfortunately it cannot be made self bailing.

The deck has a problem with delamination in one spot near the stern on one side. Otherwise it is in first class shape. I think the problem will be easy to fix. The cabin sides and coamings Ian made of Honduras mahogany (I think) are weathered but sound. The cabin top is fiberglass, laid up over a cold molded form. The form was made from mahogany. It looked so nice that Ian left it in place. Unfortunately the mahogany swelled beyond the glue's strength to hold it, so the whole thing has buckled, and will have to be replaced.

Several spars are done. Finishing the rest will be good rainy day projects.

Stay tuned to this station for the next report in the continuing saga of the construction of the schooner "Jolyon". Expect to hear our hero say something like, "Well, it snowed to beat the band last week. We're still shoveling out. But I had no trouble doing the following twelve jobs, all completed with utmost perfection."

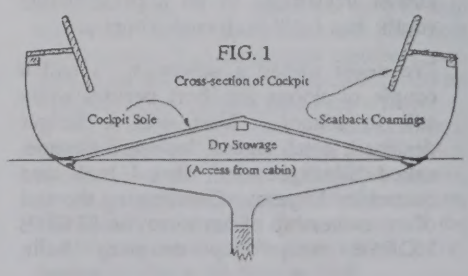
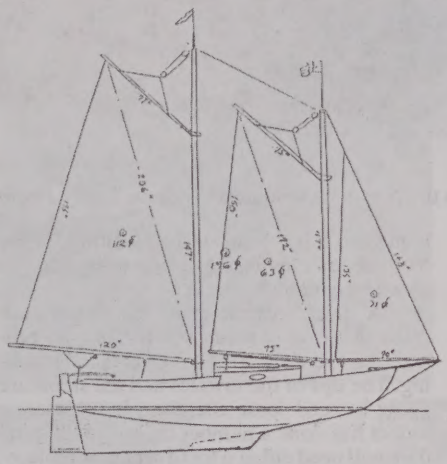


FIG. 1
Cross-section of Cockpit

PETER DUFF BUILDS HIMSELF A SCHOONER



Schooner "Jolyon"

PART II

Since last we talked, as I predicted, we had the winter's only substantial snowfall. It blew quite hard out of the northeast. At times we had true blizzard conditions, and it lasted the requisite three days. But all we got was a scrawny 8". The following two days were gloriously clear, crisp, and brilliant. Cross country skiers had a field day for about two days. Then it all turned to granite, and has hung around tenaciously ever since. The weather quacks forecast a couple of early spring days in a row, so I'll down tools on my other projects in favor of "Jolyon".

Jack Frost notwithstanding, I've made a substantial dent in the jobs to do on her. Not the twelve jobs I facetiously predicted last time, but a good dent. First thing I tackled was the cabin top. Ian had cold molded it from three 1/8" thick plies of mahogany. He finished the job by sealing the outside with a skin of fiberglass. It looked beautiful. Unfortunately he wasn't able to clamp the cold molded strips of mahogany with enough pressure for proper curing of the Weldwood Plastic Resin glue he used. It was the best glue we had at the time. It is strong, almost waterproof, easy to mix and use, and is by far the least temperature critical of all glues available. It doesn't have quite the physical characteristics of the resorcinol glue then available. It requires high clamping pressure so the glue line is as thin as possible. It does not have void-filling capability of epoxy. The epoxies then available were hard to use, expensive, critical of temperature and mix ratio, and were much more noxious than they are today. Over the years moisture got into the mahogany, causing it to swell. The glue failed catastrophically, allowing all three plies of mahogany to warp, cup, twist. It was a pity to lose them, but there was no way to save them. They came out very easily with a claw hammer. They've been added to my diminishing supply of kindling.

The fiberglass skin Ian put on was just a ply of 3/4 oz. mat and a ply of 10 oz. cloth. Without the support of the cold molded wood it was very thin and fragile. It survived ten years out in the weather, though. It also survived my onslaught with the claw hammer. The light, flimsy fiberglass skin came away in one piece. Whew! It would have taken quite a lot of work to duplicate the shape it retained

Once loose, I built a framework from 1x3 furring stock from the lumber yard, hot glued and drywall screwed in place, to hold the shape of the flimsy. Then Maggie and I very gingerly lifted this strange looking basket-of-sticks overboard to be beefed up and rejuvenated.

Incidently, if you haven't discovered it yet, hot glue is the salvation for those of us who are stuck with only two hands. I've used it for years to hold things together temporarily. The basket-of-sticks is really quite robust. Yet all it takes is a sharp rap to break a hot glue joint. Usually the blob of glue will stay with the more porous piece. It will even stick temporarily to a highly waxed fiberglass mold.

There are many hot glue systems on the market. They range from little hardware store specials using 2" long slugs that you push through the gun with your thumb, to large, industrial-grade guns that take fist size glue slugs. They are for much bigger jobs than any boatbuilder will ever need. The gun I have takes 1/2" diameter by 10" long glue rods. The glue is fed into it by pulling a trigger. Its heater is powerful enough to melt nearly a stick a minute for the occasional obstreperous, large job. The gun cost about $100. The glue sticks cost about $.30 each. It's not cheap, but if you're serious about boatbuilding I consider it a worthwhile investment.

While I've got your ear about tools and stuff, there are two other things I'd like to praise: drywall screws and cordless tools. "Drywall screws!" harumphs you. "No self-respecting boat of mine will suffer the indignity of having drywall screws inserted into its tender epidermis."

"Nuts," sez I. In many cases, one or several drywall screws will outperform clamps at holding an odd joint together while the glue cures, then back them out. There are many cases where they can be driven in, where a nail can not. The basket-of-sticks I've just made is a good example. It could not have been nailed together. The hot glue joints wouldn't have stood it. Drywall screws hold the sticks together with no trauma . . . and, they're cheap enough so that even a scotsman like me has no qualms about deep sixing them, rather than carefully retrieving them when I am done with the basket-of-sticks. In something so crude and slap-dash, pilot holes are unnecessary. Drywall screws are designed to be self-starting. We've even found they will self-start in fiberglass. I use four sizes: 1", 1 1/4", 1 5/8", and 2 1/2" long by no. 6 wire. I buy them in 500 or 1000 piece boxes.

For drywall screws to make any sense, you gotta have a power driver. I grew up in a small, comfortable, old-shoe boatyard. They had the best power screw driver I've ever used. It was about the size of a quarter inch electric drill. What was unusual about it was that it turned at only 300-400 RPM. And boy did it have power! It'd drive #14 wood screws into oak without even slowing down. And that was with slotted screws, not Phillips or Reed and Prince. And that tool was at least three times as old as I was. When I bought my first electric screwdriver I took the slowest one I could find--1500 rpm, and they went up to 4000 RPM! I've still got it, in practically new condition. It was so fast it would strip the cross right out of a Phillips head, or break the head off #10 stainless steel self-tapping screw. Since then I've bought a lot of power screw drivers. The air powered are the best. They can be had in slow speed models, and the speed can be modulated by the trigger. And they seem to last for ever. On the liability side, you need a substantial compressor, air hose is more awkward than electric cord, and they are hellishly expensive. For carrying to obscure jobs, and for getting into obscure places on those jobs, a cordless drill is indespensible. It's the tool I use most. Of the five or six brands I've owned or tried, including much touted Japanese and German models, I award first prize to the one from Black and Decker. Except that the chuck supplied with it is as bit mickey mouse, in every other aspect it is champion. It seems to hold more charge, hold it longer, and replenish more rapidly than any other. In the five years I've had it, it's needed one new switch, that's all.

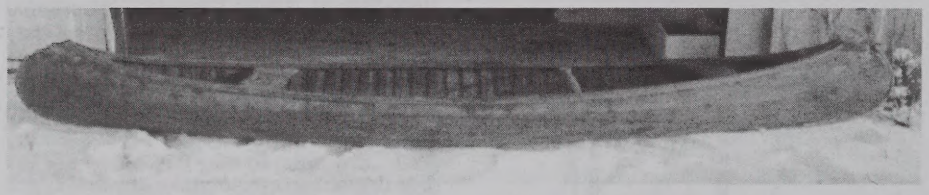
While Jolyon's hat is off, there are several jobs that'll be infinitely easier: Paint the inside of the hull and under side of the deck, cut portlight openings, fit and install the cabin sole, restore and refinish the cabin sides, and probably others. But I want to get her buttoned up quickly. If only the weather will cooperate.....

Notes from Norumbega

Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter WCHA Newsletter – Steve Lapey, Editor

A New Chapter Project!

A Real Charles River Canoe – A Robertson!



Safely home in Groveland, the Robertson awaits the Norumba volunteers.—*Steve Lapey Photo*

In January, just as we were commenting on the fact that we did not have a Chapter project lined up, John Fitzgerald received news that a gentleman in New Hampshire had a canoe listed on craigslist that was presumably a 1916 Old Town HW. The photo of the canoe indicated to the trained eye that it was not, and never was, an Old Town. The deck design and the overall appearance had a definite "Robertson" look.

The canoe has a serial number stamped in the stern, 420 35. The seller sent a request to Old Town for information on serial number 42035 and, of course, Old Town replied with the information on their canoe with that number. With this wonderful history the seller was convinced that this was an Old Town, even though it has J.R. Robertson, Auburndale, Massachusetts, stamped on the thwart and both seats.

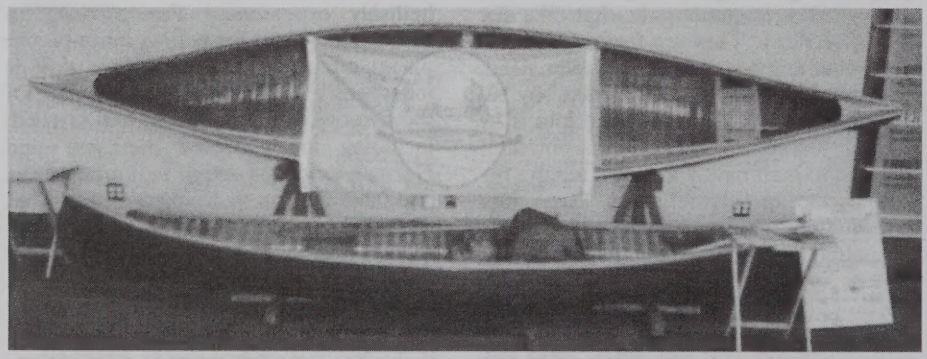
On January 18, 2014, Fitz and your editor traveled to Freedom, New Hampshire, and liberated the Robertson. We brought it home and it has been stashed waiting for the Norumbega members to bring it back to life as we have done before.

A quick inspection of the canoe indicated that it is in pretty solid shape, no broken ribs and only one area of cracked planking. The tips of the inwales and the stems are going to need some attention. In addition, a rodent has done a number on both decks and they will need either a lot of repair or replacement. It has outside stems that will need to be replaced. It would be overly optimistic to try to have it ready for the 2014 Assembly so we will plan on doing it right and have it ready for the Auction at the 2015 Assembly.

We paid $300 for the Robertson, more than we have had to pay for our other projects but, being from a famous Charles River builder, we thought it was worth the price. When the canoe is ready for auction there will be a document made up listing the names of those who have volunteered and we will have an article for the *Wooden Canoe* magazine.

Connecticut Paddle Expo

Hartford, Connecticut



A Chum on the bottom and the Pal above attracted a lot of lookers at the show.—*Robin Lauer Photo*

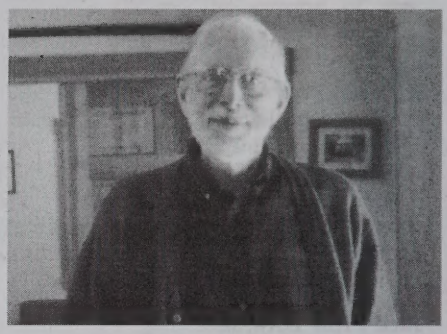
Robin Lauer attended this show where the management gave him some space to show off two of his Chestnut canoes and pass out literature for the WCHA. It was short notice for Robin, he only heard about the show the week prior so he had to rush to gather what he needed to make a showing. And a good job he did, making a custom rack to display his 15' Chum and and 16' Pal along with our WCHA banner.

Robin reports that a lot of people were drawn to his display and showed interest in the wooden canoes, a welcome diversion from all of the plastic canoes and kayaks in the rest of the building. His display was across from a $42,000 bass boat but the canoes were drawing more attention. It seems that everyone he spoke to had started paddling in a Grumman and a lot of folks claimed that their dad had an Old Town. Lots of back issues of *Wooden Canoe* and application forms were passed out, perhaps we will see some new Connecticut members in the WCHA.

One visitor insisted to Robin that fiberglass was a better covering than canvas and then proceeded to ask for advice on repairing a couple of broken ribs. Robin's quick answer was to remove the fiberglass and replace the ribs, then cover it with canvas.

Congratulations to Robin for a job well done.

Bill Clements to Retire From Boat Building



Bill at our recent Winter Meeting.—*Steve Lapey Photo*

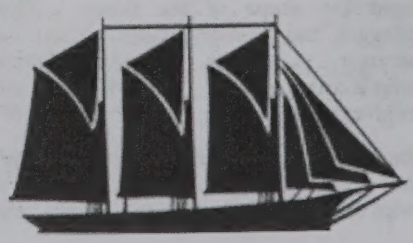
Recently we learned that local boat builder and supplier of canoe restoration supplies, Bill Clements, will be retiring from the canoe restoration business. Bill has been an active member of the WCHA and the Norumbega Chapter for many years and has helped many of us with our repair and restoration projects. We will have to find new suppliers to take his place, but we will be sure to keep him as a Chapter member.

Bill and his wife Karen both hailed from Buffalo, New York, originally but, after a stint in the Navy, Bill came to the Boston area to make his fortune in the computer industry. After several years Bill found more interest in boat building than computers, so he took an apprenticeship course in Wiscasset, Maine, and before long said goodbye to computers. The rest is history, small lapstrake canoes, rowboats and sailboats have all emerged from his shop in Billerica. In between orders for the new builds there were always plenty of wood canvas canoe restorations to fill the time.

Building and restoring boats and canoes kept Bill busy much of the year, but he and Karen found time to enjoy their camp in Maine every summer where they both paddled one of Bill's favorites, a 13' double paddle canoe that he managed to keep rather than sell. The design is the Butternut from the book *Boats, Oars and Rowing* by R.D. Culler, from who Bill bought a set of plans.

Finding sources for canoe restoration supplies has always been a challenge. Once Bill found out where to buy these supplies he created a catalog and became a major supplier to other builders and individuals nationwide. The special canvas filler that he mixed and marketed was the best in the industry. His bronze clenching iron and his specially modified Vise Grip stretching pliers are always a pleasure to use, along with the 7oz tack hammer that he always recommended.

Thanks, Bill, for always being there when we needed materials and help on our reconstruction projects! We hope to keep you active in the Chapter for a long time and wish you many happy days in retirement.



The Robertson Project Has Begun!

By Steve Lapey
stevelapey@comcast.net

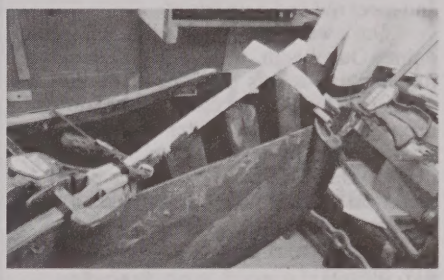
On Saturday, March 22, work began on our new Chapter project, the reconstruction of a circa 1930 Robertson Charles River canoe that will be donated to the WCHA to be auctioned or raffled at the 2015 Assembly. Nine members showed up here at the canoe shop, maybe it was the promise of coffee and donuts that brought everyone out, if that is all it takes I guess we will be buying more donuts in the future. Those attending were: Bob Benedict, Tom Bickford, Stuart Fall, John Fiske, John Fitzgerald, Ted Harrigan, Dan Lapey, Larry Meyer and Jeff Morrill.

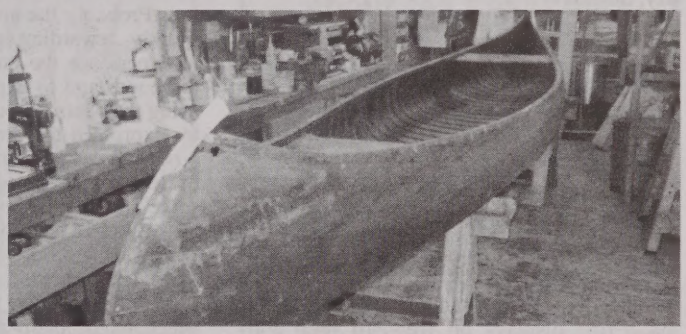
Work began with a complete inspection of the Robertson, which showed us a lot of problems, but, nothing that we were not expecting. The worst areas were the stem tips and the ends of the gunwales where the usual rot had taken away the last 5"-6".

Soon we dug into the canoe, removing the outside stems and the keel. The keel can be re-used, but, the outside stems will have to be duplicated from white oak. The ends were opened up and new wood was roughed out for the stems and 'wales, ash for the stems and spruce for the inwales. By the end of the session we had glued and clamped both stem patches and one inwale at each end. The second inwales were left in place for now so we will have something to line things up with after the glue has set up.

The decks are trash, besides the rot at the tips it appears that some sort of a rodent took a liking to the decks and they are pretty well chewed up. It is going to take some creative bending to make up a new pair of decks.

The canoe went back outside under a tarp waiting for the next session when we will finish up the rail ends and make the rail/stem joints.





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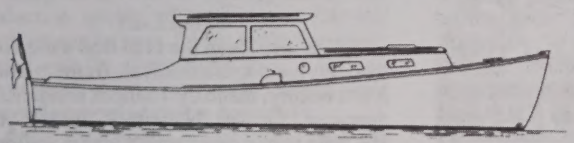

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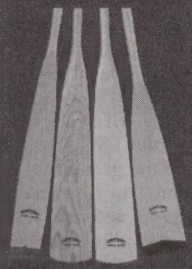

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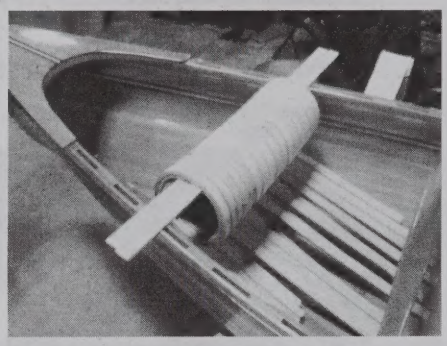
Delaware River TSCA Winter Team Efforts

Water Log
By Mike Bill

For several months we have been discussing and planning our participation in the "Woodworking Show"" during its annual sojourn in Somerset, NJ. After three months of "Polar Vortex", I for one was looking forward to the event, in that it is a great place to get ideas, see new woodworking techniques, and meet old and new friends.

Our weekend there did not disappoint. Our booth was well located, with round-about access at the end of the center aisle. The stripper canoe loaned to us by Dave Robbie was the center of attention, and was caressed by no less than 5,000 people, thanks, Dave! It surely complemented our demo on strip-building. It even had a fan club, in that after it left (Saturday afternoon), people still came by to see it, even on the next day, Sunday!

Marilyn Vogel and Chuck Sutherland made fine displays on leeboard prep and traditional kayak paddles. Our slide shows provided additional focus. Phil Maynard's build pictures and blueprints on his Melonseed build were well-received. In the midst of all in a cloud of steam I prepped mast hoops all weekend long. After answering the basic questions (what are you making, what kind of wood is that, and how long did you steam it?), the questions expanded into steaming veneers, prepping rocking chair runners, and making chair backs and curved vanities.



Andy Anderson hauled in some great models and a sprit rig. I hope someone got to use the word "snotter" in a sentence at least once. Kudos to Frank Stauss, Tom Shepard, Bill Covert, Harold Bernard and Olga Bill for showing the flag! Last but not least, Mike Wick was our technical "Anchor Man"; when all else failed, ask Mike!

Probably the single most apparent, and frankly rewarding part of the show, was to experience the curiosity of our guests to the booth and to express to them the joy of using the boats we build. More than one visitor expressed the dream of wanting to build a boat. Indeed, we're really lucky, as many of us have completed, or have participated in some way, in the build or rebuild of a boat. Phil and I remarked that it was almost like "missionary work", bringing enlightenment to the barren lands!

We gave away 60 copies of *The Mainsheet*, and probably as many *Ash Breeze* copies, all we had! Many a casework maker marveled at the concept of rolling bevels, epoxy resin and fiberglass finishes, and taking what they perceived as a fine piece of furniture and putting it into a lake, and even taking a chance of banging it up. We countered "once you've built it, you'll know how to fix it". All in all, 38 people signed our guest register, leaving their contact info and email addresses, with the intent to find out more about TSCA and TSCA Delaware River.

All in all, it was great to share the ideals of the TSCA with others, and the conviviality of the group that is the Delaware River chapter. Our objectives of (1) providing a winter team activity for the membership, and (2) expanding our potential membership, were met. I think that it is safe to say that this event will be a "do-over"!

The Snuggery
By Frank Stauss

I attended the Woodworking Show on the first day to help out at our booth. It was a lot of fun. Some observations on my part are as follows:

I wish I had a $ for every person who, when they passed by Dave Robbie's canoe, ran their hand across the smooth glass-like surface. I think if we had charged to touch the canoe people would happily have paid the fee!

I was surprised that our booth was so popular. The people who stopped by to talk with us rivaled any other booth at the show. There were four of us that day and we were pretty much always busy talking with interested people.

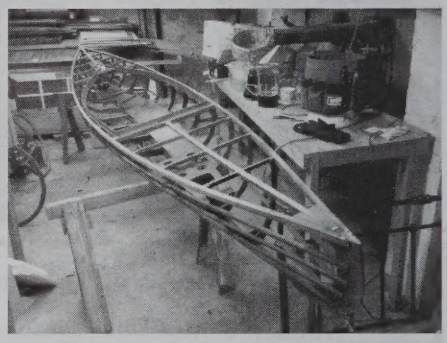
I was again surprised at how many people said that they wanted to build a boat in the future. Some had bought plans already but had not gotten to them yet. Maybe talking with us will spur them on to start building.

In addition to those who wanted to build a boat we spoke with many of those who had built a boat. Some were built years ago and some recently. They were interested in the TSCA. I would say that about 90% of them had never heard of the association. Some who lived within driving distance of our meeting place location were interested in joining our chapter.

I would like to thank Mike Bill for being the force behind our participation in the Woodworkers Show. Mike first came up with the idea in 2013. He never gave up and was the reason for our success at this event.

Home Needed for Antique Kayak Frame

(An exchange of emails amongst members of the Delaware River TSCA related to saving a barn find boat)



From Lori

Can anyone in the club find a use for the wooden hand-crafted kayak frame pictured? It is a beauty, made by Teaneck resident, now deceased, George Naperstek, in his youth. His wife is in a care facility and is selling her house along with the contents, but this frame would be free of charge to whoever would appreciate it. Please pass the word around. Thank you!

From Phil

That's a beauty, hmm now all I need is a place to store it, or chapter project? I realized Saturday after looking closely at the photo link to the Yahoo page that was in the original notice, that there were traces of fabric in the photo (the Yahoo link had a much clearer photo) and this boat was obviously originally fabric covered.

I looked at the boat this afternoon. Dee-Ann Ipp (who is a lovely and very interesting woman) showed me the boat. She is a neighbor who lives down the street from the house where the boat was being stored. I found the boat to be in good condition and well made. The dimensions are 15'10"x2'4". The sailing rig and rudder were missing but otherwise it looked intact. There do not appear to be built-in fittings for a seat back, this is where the original plans would be helpful. The builder's son mentioned that it was built from *Popular Mechanics* in 1930 so the plans could be from 1930 or earlier. The varnished frame of course needs to be cleaned, sanded and recoated.

I did get it home safely. I will probably work on this sooner than later as it really should not take that much effort to get her back in the water. Does anybody possibly have a set of plans for this boat? *Popular Mechanics* 1930 or earlier, 16' canvas covered kayak with sailing rig?

From Rick

Check books.google.com they have many of the *Popular Mechanics* issues digitized.

From Andy

Glad to hear the frame ended up in good hands. I had inquired about it, since it was in my neighborhood, but didn't hear back. I have no plans specific to this boat, but I do have a book from 1928 by Warren Miller entitled *Canoeing, Sailing and Motor Boating*, which has a chapter on building decked canvas cruising canoes and some related illustrations. I'll see if I can scan the relevant bits and get them to you. Fair winds.

From Phil

Thanks for everyone's suggestions, I think I found a match on David N. Goodchild's site, I ordered the 28 page booklet. It sure seems to fit for length, width, construction, flat deck, cockpit shape, mast collar. http://www.dngoodchild.com/5100.htm.

From Andy

Phil (and anyone else who is listening in): Attached is some interesting info on canvas decked sailing canoes from a book published in 1928 (first printing 1917).

From Phil

Indeed Goodchild had the plans. I also did finally find it online with google books, it was built a little later then originally stated. They were published in 1932 *Popular Science* from Sept-Dec. Unfortunately in the first installment, 2 of 3 plan pages are all black but the Goodchild plans do have those missing sheets. The reproduction quality of the plans is fair but everything can be seen. I enlarged the originals included with the plans packet to 11"x17" and that just gets it up to a reasonable reading scale but its still somewhat coarse line quality.

Andy Slavinskas mentioned that he had a book in his library: *Boats Anyone Can Build*, from 1947, by *Popular Science*. I bet those are the plans as well.

I got all the fabric remnants off and took out the floorboards and coamings. Just waiting on a little warmer weather to sand, recoat the wood and then recover.

Thanks so much for everyone's help on this. It's really a cool lightweight boat. There is a refinement that's mentioned in the plans to lower the rear half as opposed to keeping it symmetrical, it does not look like the builder of this boat went that route and I will not alter it at this point but I mention it also as that would probably be worthwhile if starting a new boat from these plans.

One thing I'm curious about (I have zero sailing kayak experience), the plans show a lug sail of about 30sf and a leeboard but no rudder. This boat had rudder gudgeons on it. My guess is it was originally designed without a rudder and not that I'm planning on reproducing the sailing rig at this point (at least not likely this season) but this was probably sailed by trim and with a paddle? Trim including weight shifting, leeboard shifting, and sheeting? I'm curious about others experience with this? Attached are two camera photos, one with most of the floorboards and coamings still in/on and one without.

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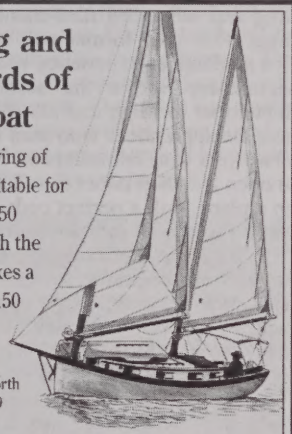

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Photo by Bill Ling

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Two July Courses of Interest

9 Day Boatbuilding Course

Saturday, July 12 through Sunday, July 20
Daily, 8am-5pm, Bert Van Baar, $1095

If you attend boat shows, have a subscription to *WoodenBoat* magazine, like boating and visits to old harbor towns, if you travel the internet to boat sites, builders and blogs, if in your mind you have already picked the boat you would like to build (a gorgeous slender lapstrake Whitehall); then this is the course for you and this is the summer to get it done!

For the first time, The Apprenticeshop is offering a 9-day course in boatbuilding. In a small group with a Dutch instructor who has led similar courses dozens of times, you'll build that Whitehall and maybe even take it home, it will be raffled among the students and taken home for material costs by the winner. We'll build a 14' Catherine Whitehall, a lapstrake design.

Half Hull Model Making

Tuesdays & Thursdays, July 22, 24, 29, 31
5-30-8:30pm, Rob Eddy, $295

Renowned model boat builder Rob Eddy of Camden leads this program to create half hull models of the *Leonard* whaleboat. The *Leonard* is the full scale whaleboat recently replicated by The Apprenticeshop for the *Charles W Morgan* at Mystic Seaport. You'll gain a deep appreciation of hull design in the process of creating this half hull, and have a piece of maritime art to take home. Strengthen your understanding of design and craftsmanship with a world-class model maker. Workshop spans four evenings.

To register for either course call (207) 594-1800 or go online to: www.apprenticeshop.org for a registration form

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THE Apprenticeshop est.1972

A Little Help from our Friends:

A Grassroots Initiative to Build our Next Crew

Bryan McCarthy Shop Director - bryanm@apprenticeshop.org

It has been a year of transition here at The Apprenticeshop as we shift from the proven success stories of our two-year Apprenticeship program into distinct beginning and advanced nine-month course formats. This new format will allow prospective students to experience boatbuilding and seamanship within the academic year of September to May, and allow individuals to become apprentices who aren't able to make a two year time commitment. We are excited to open the shop doors to folks ready to pick up a plane, pull a perfect cedar shaving off a plank and rivet it in place for the first time.

We have the tools, the wood, and the projects are beginning to line up. What we need now are enthusiastic pairs of hands to pick up the tools and make it happen. You may very well be that set of hands that we are looking for, if so, I would encourage you to contact us. However, if you are not ready to make that investment yourself, as a member of a larger community you may know someone who is.

That person may be a son or daughter, a niece or nephew, a friend or neighbor. Perhaps a colleague at work was talking about their kid not going back to college because they wanted to get away from the desk to do something with their hands, or a high school senior looking for a gap year experience to give them an advantage as they prepare to enter art, design, or engineering school, or a recent college graduate looking to do "something different" before going on to grad school or taking that entry level job. Apprentices have come from diverse backgrounds with different experience and education levels.

If you have had an experience at the Shop that was transformative in some way, please help us pass that along to the next generation of apprentices. Encourage those individuals in your life who are "looking for something" to visit our website, the Shop, or to contact me directly at this address: bryanm@apprenticeshop.org.

A boat needs a solid crew to build it and operate it safely. We need your help finding that crew. Please join our Crew Building Initiative by forwarding this letter to anyone in your life you feel would make an excellent apprentice. Thank you.

Arey's Pond Boatyard

Early Spring News

Around the Yard

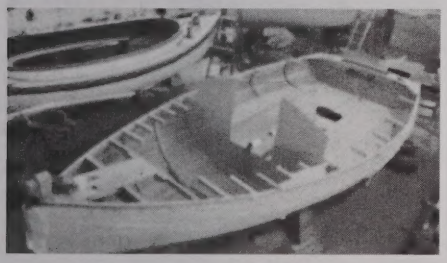
As we celebrate our 60th anniversary, we thank our loyal customers for keeping this traditional, small boatbuilding business moving forward. We continue to implement important changes to preserve our waterfront business while minimizing impact on the fragile environment. To commemorate our 60th anniversary as the lower Cape's sailing center, we will have a special logo on our ABPY t-shirts.

Service

Dan Meehan, service manager and his crew have been spending the winter preparing boats for the coming season, making necessary yard improvements and preparing for spring commissioning forms to arrive. Geoff Cabral is busy in his new rigging shop. We now have all of our Pleasant Bay moorings on a GPS map and Julian Davis has been making necessary repairs to the mooring setups. Our work boat has been improved to handle the setting and hauling of moorings in a more efficient manner.

Boat Building

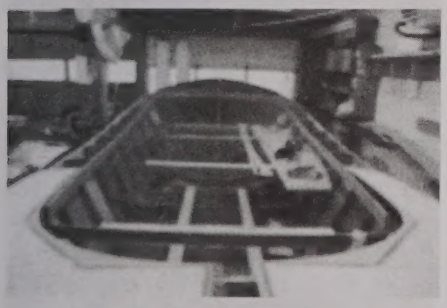
We are fortunate to have been busy this winter with current orders, and we are excited to have recently received orders that will take us into the fall of this year. One Cabin and four Open Lynx, being built by Jared Bennett and Patrick Otton, and finished by Matt Fredricks and Jon Daniels, will be launched this spring. Two will head to the Chesapeake area, and the Cabin Lynx will be moored in Hingham, MA. Bill Nash is lead builder on our newest model, the 18' Caracal.



Caracal (foreground) and an Open Lynx.

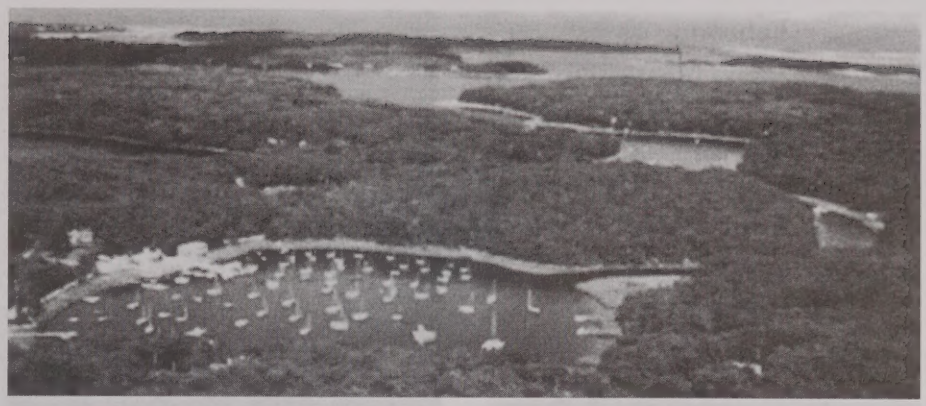
More Boat Building News

Head builder, Leslie Gouveia, has been building a 22' wooden Bartender, a George Caulkins design, which is a classic power boat designed to handle large waves, such as those often encountered off the bars of our beach breaks.



Overview of the Bartender deck.

We welcome visitors to our boat building shops.



Boatyard Improvements

As we get ready for the upcoming season, we will be installing two new docks to replace aging ones. Other improvements include upgrading our Diesel truck to be more efficient at hauling and delivering. The wash pads at our Rayber Road facility will be completed this year. The kayak and paddle board recreation area will be open for customers to relax and enjoy lunch or a cookout by the pond after a day on the water.

Kayak and paddleboard fun.

Sailing School

Our sailing school is entering its 50th season of teaching sailing on Pleasant Bay. We have a great crew: Linsey Porteus, sailing school director; Robert Palmer, assistant director; Emma Hayward, Julianne Theil and Trevor Degan, sailing instructors. Brooke Davis is available for private lessons. Our newest instructor, Trevor is a Nauset High graduate and was on the Nauset sailing team. Group classes will start the week of 23 June 2014, and we look forward to seeing our new and returning sailing students! This year's sailing school t-shirts will display the 50th Sailing School Anniversary logo.

Ready for a sail.

In Conclusion

As we enter our 60th season, we thank all of our loyal service customers, many of whom have been with us for 25 years or more! To all of our catboat and custom boat customers, without your interest in our designs, our boat shop would not be up to its 325th hull number of Arey's Pond models. It brings us much to to see our customers enjoying our Arey's Pond catboats on Pleasant Bay.

We look forward to many more years of offering service and building custom-designed boats!

Congratulations to Fred Villars on his restored Crosby Cat, *Conjurer*, winning the Broad Axe Award! (Photo by Anita Winstanley Roark)

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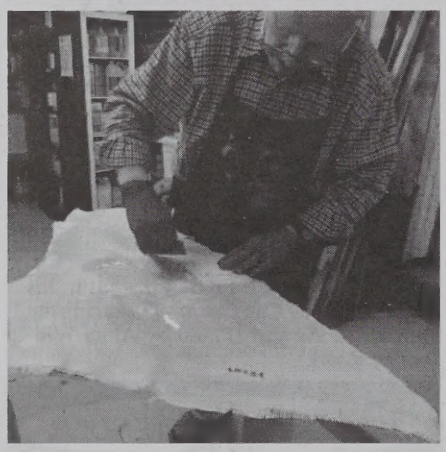
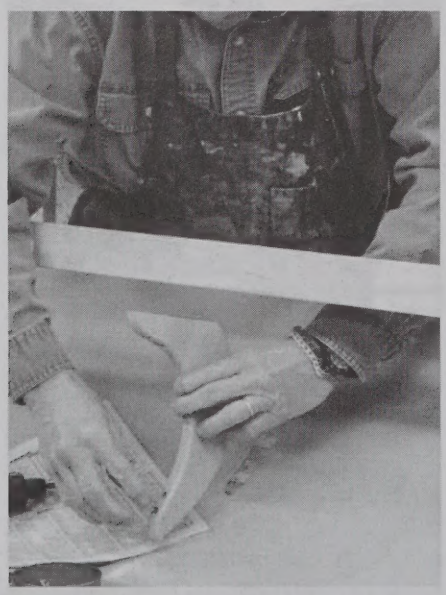
The Melonseed Project
(Continued)

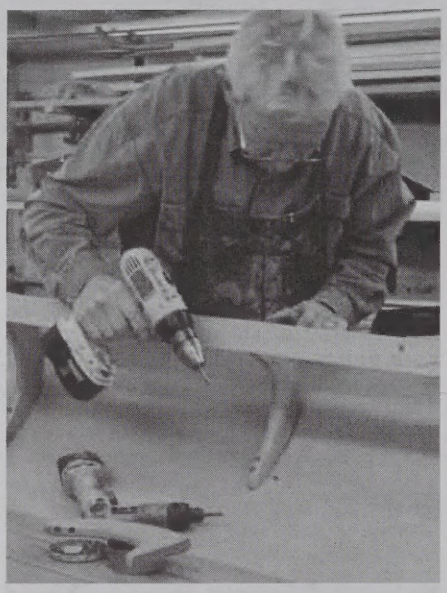
By Richard Honan

February 23

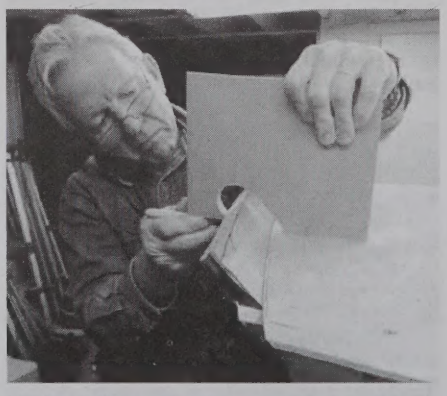
I've been operating at half speed with this vertigo thing. It's slowing me down, but it won't stop me. I got the removable floor boards fitted for the last time and also started applying the fiberglass cloth and epoxy to the rudder. The side deck supports have been fabricated, epoxied and screwed in place. Next up, cutting and attaching the deck.





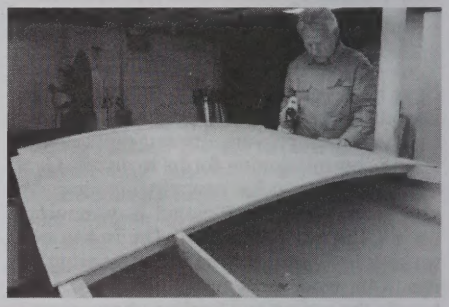


I got the transom cut down, along with a rough fitting and temporary fastening of the rear deck. It's a neat feeling using my grandfather's tools (hand planes with the orange handles). He would have used these same wood planes 50-75 years ago. He passed away in 1986, three weeks shy of 100 years old. I know he'd be happy to know that I'm still using his tools.



Scribing the transom.

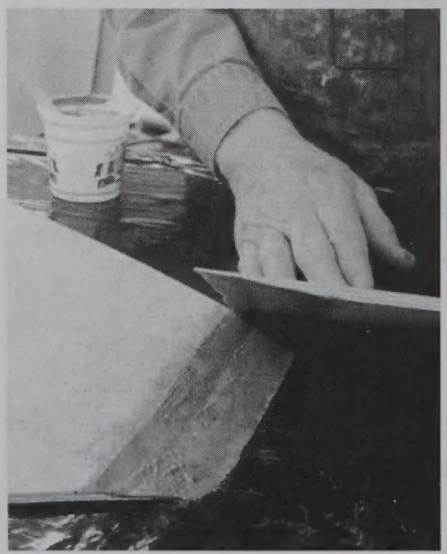
Planing the transom with one my grandfather's wood planes.

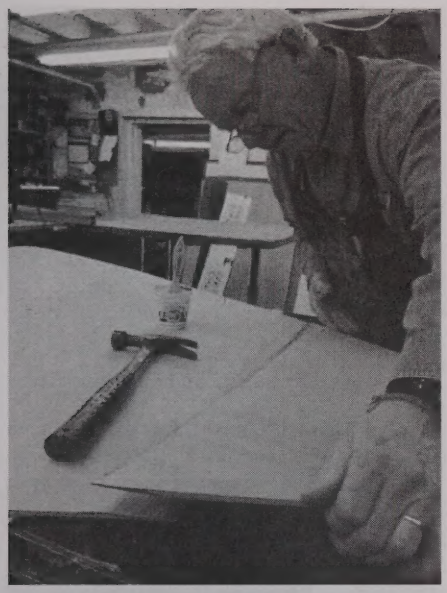


Temporary fastening of the rear deck.

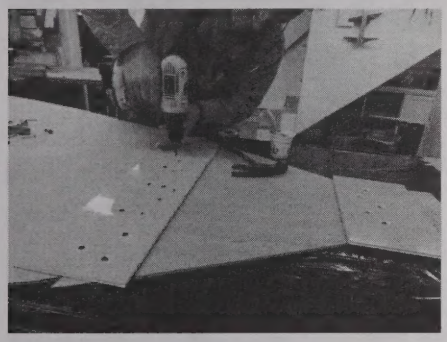
Applying epoxy (glue) to the scarf . . .

Positioning the completed scarf for clamping.



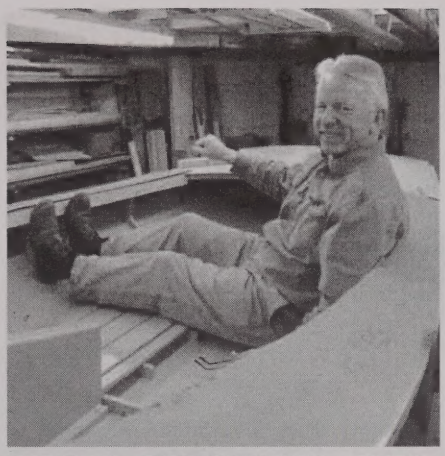


Positioning the completed scarf for clamping.



March 2

I spent this morning making full size cardboard templates of the two wash decks or side decks. I also slid up under the rear deck to mark out the deck frames. Interestingly, today was the first time I climbed in and sat down my boat inside, *Proud Mary II*. Even my dog, Lucky joined me!

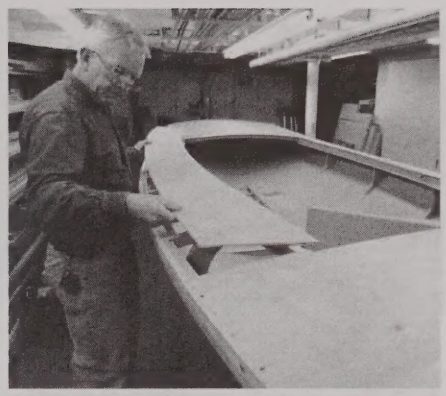


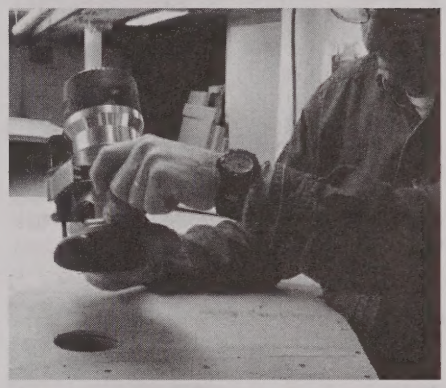
March 10

Making good headway this weekend. The underside of the deck was marked out, masked, primed two coats and painted two coats of Interlux Brightside enamel. The deck sections were scarfed, dry fitted and temporarily fastened to the deck frames. I also routed the opening where the mast goes through the deck.

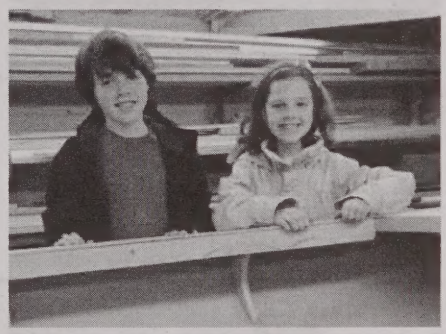
Pre-drilling the holes for the deck fasteners.

Temporarily fastening the bow section.





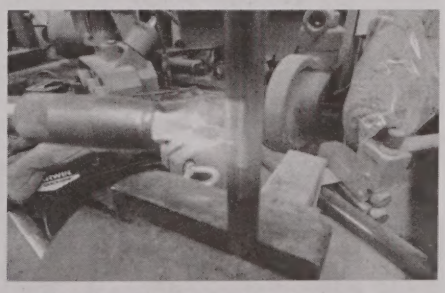
Routing the opening where the mast goes through the deck.



My grandchildren Ben and Anna checking out the construction status.

March 14

Last night, brother Bill and I fabricated the new silicon bronze traveler for the Melonseed. We also tested the non-skid surface on the new floorboards. Fabrication of the traveler involved heating a piece of 3/8" silicon bronze rod to a pink red, bending it, annealing it(hardening) and threading the two ends. It was interesting that the die that I used to cut the threads on the bronze rod was from my father's gas station (Bill Honan's Texaco Station) that closed in 1955. Later on during the night, my brother Bill tested out the new non-skid surface on the floorboards.



Heating the silicon bronze rod.

Bending the silicon bronze rod to a right angle

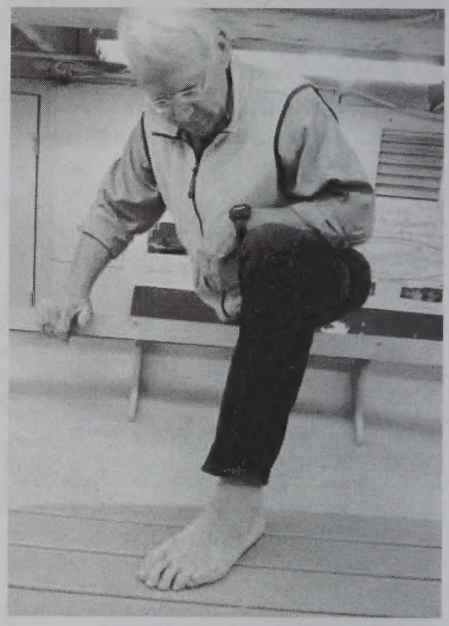
Reheating the silicon bronze to anneal or harden it.

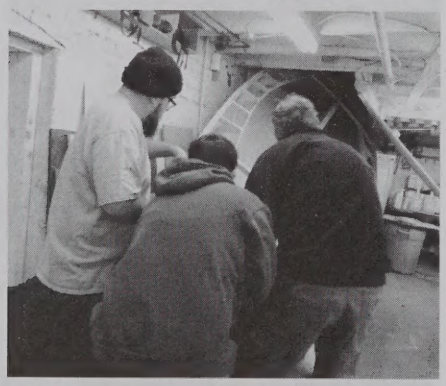
The completed threads cut with a die from my father's gas station, which closed in 1955.

I bet my dad was smiling down from heaven watching brother Bill and I using his tools.

Test fitting the new silicon bronze traveler.

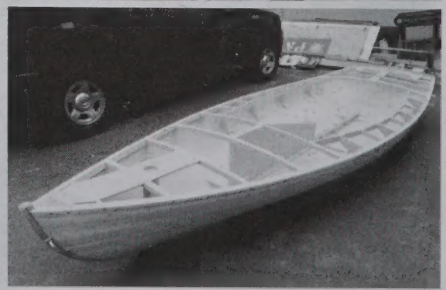
Brother Bill sacrificing his foot to test out the new non skis surface on the floorboards.





A Building Gives Birth to a Boat

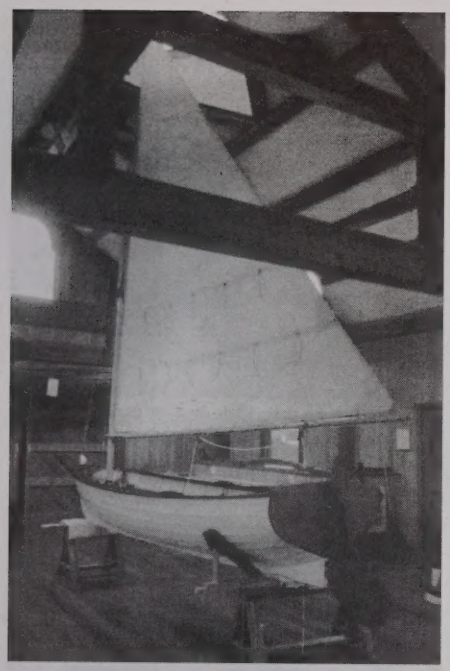
March 21 was a big day in my Melonseed sailboat's life. It was greeted with the sun for the first time in it's short life. A big thank you to Matt, Nelson, Brother Steve, Joe's friend Will and Steve Wallace for helping to move *Proud Mary II* from the cellar of the shop, up the stairs and out the backdoor. To say it was a challenge and a struggle is an understatement. I couldn't have done it without their strength, patience and persistence. Again, thank you very much!



The East End Classic Boat Society

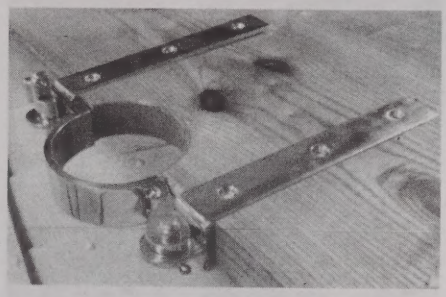
Spring News

By Ray Hartjen
rhartjen@hamptons.com (631)324-2490



The completed Goeller dinghy, our 20013 raffle boat, is the most sophisticated boat we have built to date. It features a 3"x6"x12' white oak keel and sassafras thwarts. A keel of this dimension was not readily available even from traditional boat lumber sources. Instead we asked our tree specialist to locate an appropriate standing white oak and while he was at it a sassafrass tree, These were cut in the fall of 2012, milled at a local sawmill and delivered to our shop at no charge, including all milled boards from both trees, The boat's sides are cut from Atlantic white cedar that we obtain as flitch cut boards twice the thickness needed for the planks. After spiling, each plank is cut vertically to yield book matched laps, The hackmatack knees were obtained from Nova Scotia.

The drawings specified a bronze mast gate not available from any known source. Our local metal worker took it on for the cost of the materials. Upon completion he claimed that he enjoyed the project so much he donated it to the Classic Boat Society.



The sails were provided by Grant Gambell of Camden Maine and cut from Contender sailcloth to the gunter rig of Goeller's specification.

Our 2014 Raffle Boat is the East End Sharpie, a sweet little boat perfect for oystering and fishing, with a 14' length and a 4' beam. Built of cedar, pine, white oak and spruce, this boat will be a beauty. Much to our delight, *WoodenBoat's* editors chose this sharpie as one of a dozen or so boats featured in this year's *2014 Small Boats*. This particular boat was completed by Andrew Kitchen of Irondequoit, New York.

Our *Susan Constant* is secure in her berth for 2014, many thanks to Bill Tucker, who has graciously arranged for the Classic Boat Society to use his slip at the East Hampton Town this summer. His summary of last year's experience follows:

"At EECBS we not only refurbish classic wooden boats and build new ones, we also sail them. So when a group of us, under Ray's direction, hauled the *Susan Constant*, our 19' Buzzards Bay sloop, out of Three-Mile Harbor on Sunday morning, October 27, we were proud to witness the end of another successful sailing season.

The season had begun back in June with the painting of the standing rigging and the outside of her hull, including the usual anti-fouling coating and sealing of her lead keel. She was in the water before the July 4th weekend, and she got little rest thereafter. Nearly a dozen Society members and an equal number of their guests made her a familiar figure in Three-Mile Harbor itself, and beyond, with trips to Coecles Harbor, Sag Harbor and elsewhere along the perimeter of Gardiner's Bay. And it was a rare trip indeed when she returned without having drawn appreciative comments from other sailors in those waters, struck by her classic lines and grace under sail.

Two highlights in particular mark the season just passed. One is our acquisition of a new 3.5hp Mercury outboard to move her reliably out of her slip at the dock or through the channel into Gardiner's Bay, whenever strong tidal currents and insufficient winds called for auxiliary power. The other is one we have all come to count on and respect: namely, our Fleet Captain, Kent Miller. who checked us in, checked us out, and always ensured that she was ready to go.

Now she is parked at her usual place outside our shop and will get a scraping-down and repainting, inside and out, for this season during which we hope even more Society members will take the opportunity to take her out for a spin."

Interested readers are invited to see our boat shop in action any Wednesday or Saturday year-round. The boat shop is handicap accessible and admission is always free. The Community Boat Shop is at 301 Bluff Road in Amagansett, NY.

Finally our 30' planking bench is in place. This bench was specified in the original drawings of the shop but it has taken over six years to get it installed. We are indebted to Leonard Farrauto, who appeared on the scene late last fall, fresh from the west coast. Len is a semi-professional furniture maker who has retired to Westhampton with his wife Beverly, returning to her childhood home. Len, who came to us to learn boat building, took on this project to help get it done before we commenced work on the East End Sharpie. A very special feature of this bench are the four leg vises complete with chain drives that Jim Ritter has perfected from a late 19th century patent that he discovered. If you are curious to see how this vise works go to: ancorayachtservice.com, click on chain vise.

Does it really take seven of our members to figure out the dimensions of a compound angle for the connection between the chine log and the transom? This is the set up of molds for the East End Sharpie with the keelson in place.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Roger Allen sent a video of a CS 17 getting "popped" together at the Buffalo Marine Center. This would be a great place to visit in the summer, all two months of it. This video shows how a flat boat hull pops into the shape of a big boat. If you've never seen this done you may have to watch if a couple of times. We did it here once and couldn't believe it actually happened.

Our friend John sent a video of the large trawler type boat he is building of aluminum by himself, okay Dawn is there to pull him out when things fall on him. Obviously John is a master welder and metalworker and knows just what he wants. He's been at this less than a year.

Another Jon's video showed us the long tail motor action he's into. This Jon is the North American dealer for this brand of long tail motors. He's another boatnut who's been here and he even goes to Thailand in the summer to race these things across mud flats and rice paddies.

And to be fair, this is me doing something that no one in hiua right mind would do, go out in a boat looking behind. Who the hell thought that's a good idea, what if sea monster is up ahead ready to eat? I built five of these 14' John Gardner Whitehalls because they are fun to build and enjoy watching them take on this beautiful glow when the epoxy and varnish pops, but I sure wouldn't own one. Just imagine what happens when it's time to redo all that wood. If you're me you just paint it with house paint but I suppose that would defeat the purpose of having a show boat. I sold the boats but not these oars, they were as hard to make as the boat. Roger Allen made me sew the leathers on with the official herringbone stitch. The oars reside here with *Chelsea* now. Richard Honan's article about building floor boards in round bottom boats made me clinch up with a flashback about these boats' floorboards. They have to be perfect or else they wiggle and rattle and they have to be able to come out. Who ever thought of making these things anyway?

Doug figured how to get the sails up on his new Penobscot 17. This is a really impressive boat. The thing has a lot more stuff than his old 14. The lines from both sails have to somehow come back to where he sits and the centerboard rope thingy and the rudder line have to be at hand to get up fast when they hit the beach. And when a gust hits he has to know which sail to let go first or else he turns over. Poor ole Doug is not long for this world.

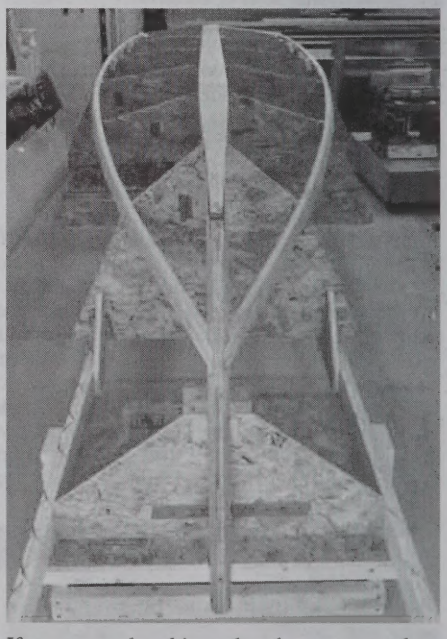
Switched to the Summer Uniform

Everything ends up being "repurposed" if it comes here. This is an old Lightning sailboat hull that Wally's converting into a cabin motor boat, I jumped in to check the height of the sides. Notice that I've switched to the summer uniform. We all get really upset if anyone tries to give us any advice; and besides how the hell could you give advice on any of the strange boats taking shape here at the happy hour club. Only the builder has any idea of what it's suppose to turn into and that changes daily.

People keep coming around to the Hut because its addictive and they can't help it but it should be a crime to bring the young here and expose them to this life. Here we have Red and Rachael and they brought their grandkids. These two are both a gnat's ass from becoming doctors, real doctors and now after experiencing this place I wouldn't be surprised if they both chucked it all and took to the boat bum life. That's what happened to the grandparents.

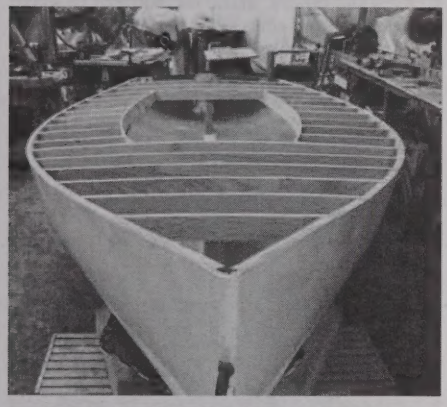
It's too late for this bunch. Whitey Thayer was here with his kids but it's too late for them, they're already boat bums.

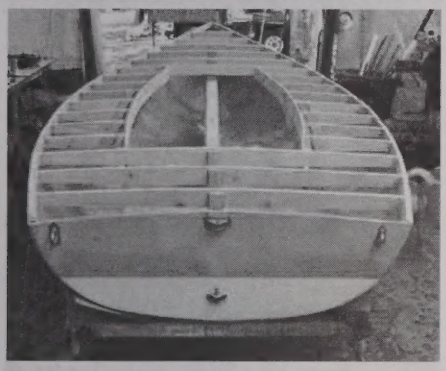
It's gets worse; some bring them here in the middle of the freezing winter and they can play in the water and then are expected to go back to Chicago or some other winter hell hole and forget all about this. Boat bum life is looking better and better.



If you owned a shipyard and spent your days with big rusty, greasy old ships and barges what would you do? Why you'd become the mayor of Jacksonville Beach, FL of course. And then you'd realize that you need to do something more important with your life so you'd naturally jump straight into building a wooden boat. If this is your first start from scratch boat it takes you about two seconds to realize that you don't know nothing about building a boat. and it gets worse the farther you go.

This is Lenna coming over from home with Red's little boat in the background. Our river life is a good life.

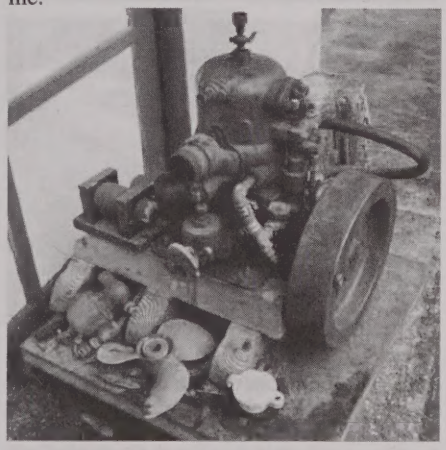




I think this is when a new boat looks it's best. Steve is making good progress on his. I like his attitude of boat building. If you want a boat build a boat, if you want a museum piece do that but it'll take years to finish.

Whalen sent this to show why he loves Cedar Key. The cuties swarm to him like bees to flowers. Ivana came all the way across the ocean for this. I wish she could make it again this year.

This is Phil's Whaler with its newly rebuilt engine. It seemed to idle and run great but it still needed a high-speed shakedown and for some reason I'm the one who usually gets that honor. The rest of the chickens are scared the things will blow up and hurt them and I'm too dumb to worry. Well, this one was doing great for the first five minutes or so then there was this big POP and scream and smoke came out the top. Steve came and towed me in and they pulled the cover to find a piston rod sticking out the side of the crankcase. It's not my fault if the things fall apart, this is only the third one that's done this to me.



Check out what our buddy Larry Page gave us, a 5hp 1915 Acadia boat motor. We'll have to build an appropriate boat to put it in and take it out to some of the old timey boat events and kick some ass. To view a video of one of these motors running watch-v=cQrpp0dtV7o. John tried to explain the difference between horsepower and torque and how these motors could push big boats but I still don't get it. I expect Howard will turn this thing into a brand new motor. Larry said that it ran pretty good 20 years ago.

Had a note from Steve of the Crystal River Rats about the Bash one week before Cedar Key. This is the Civil War scow they just finished, looks like it actually floats.

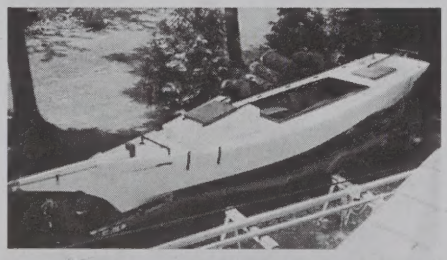
Back to reality, I've sent pictures of Brooke before when he was building this boat in Alaska. And isn't it a perfect looking boat for water that's always freezing cold? We really love guys who think outside the box and make things that seem perfect for the conditions at their location. He built a boat shed that looks just like the boat, maybe it turned out to be the boat. This thing may be way bigger than it first looks, check out how big he looks sitting in the back, maybe he designed landing craft in another age. He said that he may come down to see us here at the shop, now this is a guy I'd like to meet.

Charles Hodges did come to see us. He's from Georgia and built this launch from some modified Bolger plans. I think he said that it's 34' long. The truly unique thing about this boat is that he controls everything with a controller of a PlayStation. Everything has a servo running it so he can walk anywhere on the boat and still be in control. Would you imagine that he's a radio control airplane guy? He and his wife were here a couple weeks ago the same time as Chuck the Duck and Sandra. They both talked for a while, had a lot in common and left not knowing who the other really was. We get a lot of that here. If you come for a visit you may be sitting on the dock swilling beer with the king of the universe and not know it; braggarts and shitheads get pushed in the water and leave.

This is Steve. We love to make the big loop around some islands by the Girl Scout camp when the tide is good; it's like going on a trip through the Amazon, it twists and curves in some really virgin woods and swamps, scary to the first timers. There's never any arm twisting to get any of us to go, Helen and Cessna are the first to the boats.

I'm still working on John's EC boat. Put the front centerboard in last week to check for the fit. Looks pretty mean doesn't it? We're trying to anticipate everything that would make this a perfect boat for this race. John says that I'm goofing off a lot (his words are a lot harsher) but it takes a while to figure out how to do it and make it perfect. (and I seem to get sidetracked a lot)

I love playing with expanding foam. This stuff says it expands 30 times and it's really fun watching it grow. I'm filling the front and back of the EC boat and am having a hard time holding back from doing the whole boat. It's closed cell and approved by the Coast Guard for flotation, it's 2lb foam. It costs about $75 for two gallons of this stuff which should make about 10 cubic feet, I think.



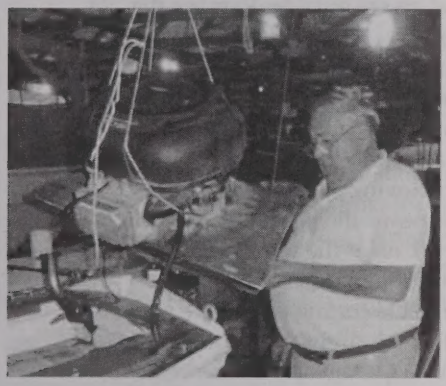
I told you about my brother and I building the skipjack *Messenger* and got some responses. It turns out that a lot of you want this boat also. Even Bob Hicks wanted one and built a half-scale backbone for one. He didn't have time to actually finish it and gave it to Greg of New York who did finish it and here it is. Half-scale is a lot smaller than whole-scale but it looks neat.

Helen Marie in *Helen Marie* This boat continues to be the best boat ever built; especially living on a wild shallow river and liking to go out every day and enjoy mother nature. Cessna is real bossy and makes us go.

Crazy Steve, being the nice guy that he is, invited Krystin to the shop to show her how masts were made. He already had the two 2"x4"s glued together so all she had to do was cut the tapers, plane the squares to make them round and then sand the whole thing to a smooth stick. Our magic rolling pin sander fell apart so she finished it by hand. I do have to admit that I wanted to take over the power planing part but she wouldn't let me. There's something really fascinating about running a sharp spinning blade down a piece of wood and seeing the chips flying out the side all over the place. Took her about four hours to do it all. Anywhere else it may be work but here at the shop everything is fun.

The picnic launch is coming right along. This is the old 23' Sea Ray that Howard gutted of everything except the big V8 engine and outdrive. Starting over from scratch he's building a boat like he thinks it should look. It's huge. This is me, Helen and Lenna looking out the new window and Steve looking over the transom, drink in hand. Steve's old boss gets this email, who's laughing now sucker. There's still some question of who's going to fill up the hundred gallon gas tank.

Here's an example of boat design gone wild. Our friend Austin designed and built this boat. It's a sailboat/motor boat combo. It looked funny at first sight but when examined closely it actually makes sense, in a "had one too many" kind of way. It needs some work but we're going to make a high-speed commuter out of it (high speed being relative).



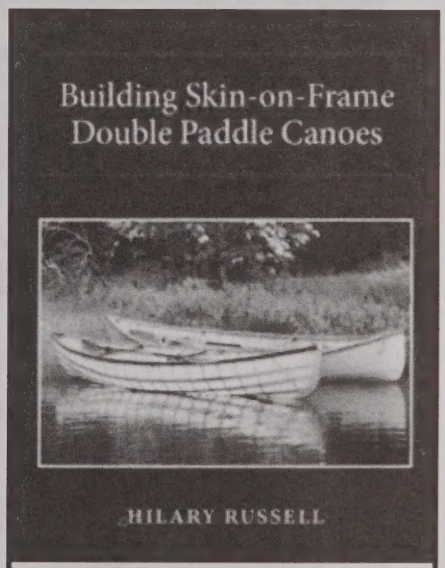
Here's *Chelsea* getting some "warranty" work by Howard. It's been a couple years since it's had any engine maintenance and needed its belts tightened, an almost overwhelming chore to the rest of us but a simple half-hour project for him. He had the motor unbolted and hanging in the air in ten minutes. This is the Briggs and Stratton engine that's been in daily use in the salt water for almost five years, looks better than the one in your lawnmower. Whatever they're make out of sure resists salt corrosion.

Museum John on his day off from slaving away at the maritime museum. John does lots of things there I guess and one of them is giving historical lectures about boaty things. I've never been to one and it's hard to imagine him giving a serious talk; all I ever get from him is a bunch of crap. This is an old canoe that he's cutting up and rebuilding. It don't make sense but that's what we do here.

The Florida Maritime Museum had a class on building skin-on-frame kayaks and got Dave Gentry to teach. This is Dave himself. If you need your frame skinned, Dave's your man. I took this picture on March 18, notice the weather. I only mention this because Dave came down from somewhere on the Chesapeake Bay and they were having a blizzard with a foot of snow on the ground. His wife won't let them move here because it's too hot in the summer. I love to hear that, we're getting too crowded as it is.

This is not the Everglades Challenge boat we're making but if you've wondered where he got the basic design for that boat here it is. In 1886 this sailing canoe sailed across the English Channel and kicked ass on a lot of French boats of all sizes. Our boat looks almost exactly like this with the addition of a long bowsprit and a big roller-furling jib for reaching and running. John knows exactly what he wants and won't let me deviate much from the picture he has in his head. He never lets me forget that I told him that if he designed it I would build it. He treats me just like my sons do, no respect.

Joseph Haley sent this one of a 50-year old Falcon sloop. I don't think I've ever seen a Falcon but it looks like he may actually use it sometime. This has to be in the south somewhere 'cause there's no snow and ice.



A valuable book for building any skin-on-frame canoe, kayak, or rowboat. Plus the chapter on using willow for ribs connects ancient techniques with modern materials and design.

"inspiring…very clear and concise… elegant simplicity…
Iain Oughtred

"…a logical progression…a good bibliography… and a list of sources".
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Renewing A Mirror Cockpit Bottom and Replacing the Daggerboard with a Centreboard

Maurice Burgess

Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising
Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

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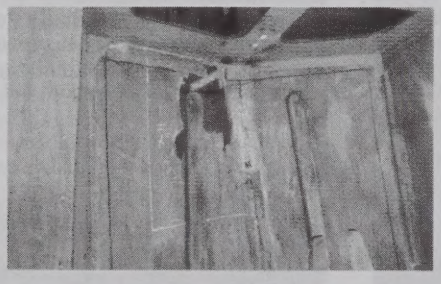
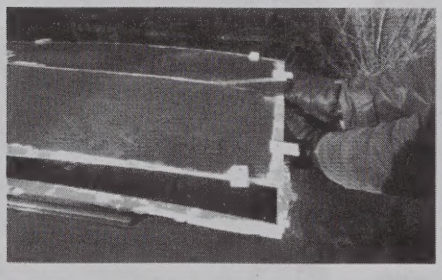
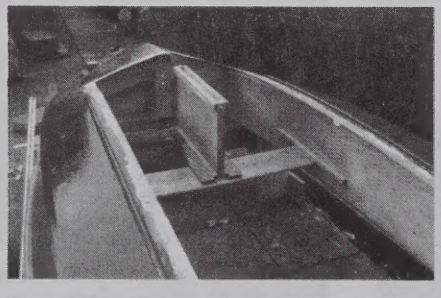
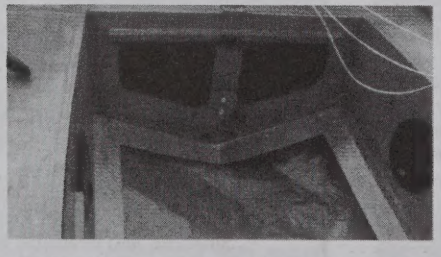
2. 

3. 

4. 

5. 

6.

1. **The Problem**: A badly leaking daggerboard case. Add a slip-up with the trailer and this hole resulted. So it was a case of replacing the cockpit sole completely.

2. Mark a line 1½ ins *(40 mm)* in from edge of cockpit bottom panels all the way round. Using a very small drill, say 1/16" or 1.5mm, drill holes about every 3 or 4 inches along the marked line. Make sure the corners are marked with a hole. Turn the boat over. Now play 'dot to dot' and join up all the little holes to mark out the panel on the outside. Remove the keelband at this point.

3. Make up 12 or so small blocks of scrap wood, drill a hole towards one end and have a supply of self-tappers available *(No need for stainless)*. As you start cutting, screw these blocks into the bottom panel you are removing so that they overlap the remaining part of the hull. This means the part you are cutting out stays *in situ* and doesn't break off at the wrong place. When you get to the skeg, cut straight through unless you intend to remove the whole thing. Complete cutting out all the way round. You will now find that the cut-out part remains in place until you are ready to lift it off as in *photograph 3*. Now remove the cockpit floor battens, the piece of skeg and the footrest from the cut-out bottom and divide it carefully along the glue line so that you have two panels as templates.

4. Clean off the paint along the edge of the cutout ready for the resin and tape. Turn the boat over again, and you will find a large hole with a lip all the way round. Sand off to remove all paint, varnish, resin, etc.

5. Now cut out 3¼ inch *(80 mm)* wide strips of the new ply to fit as overlapping strips to the lip *(I used 5mm Robbins Elite)*. Prime with resin and then glue and screw these pieces onto the lip every 3 ins *(75 mm)* using ½ inch countersunk screws. You will probably have to file off the points which protrude, so use brass. *(If they are well-coated with epoxy resin, they will be fine. Use bronze if you wish.)* Double up at the joins of the strip. Your pride and joy should look like *photograph 5*.

6. A moment of madness approaching April 1st led to the idea of the Amphibious Mirror. Slightly out of class, but it would actually float like that. With the bottom out, it is a good time to do things like cutting out holes in tanks for hatches, etc.

7. Turn the boat back over *(again)*. Putting the daggerboard case and thwart back temporarily will help hold the new panels in place *(see photo 4 above)*. Using the two old panels as templates, cut out two new panels and carefully fit them. The strip which you put in from inside will form useful lands to locate the new pieces. Take care that the new panels fit well and straight along the centreline. Holes can be drilled for the

stitching, done using copper wire or thin plastic cable ties. Prime the edges of the panels and trips with resin, and glue and screw the new panels down on to the lipping. They will be flush with the existing bottom. A quick trip underneath at this point enables excess resin to be scraped off before it sets. Apply two layers of fibreglass tape with resin. Turn the boat upright again.

8. Now is the time to clean up and seal the overlap between the strip and the new bottom with tape and resin.

9. As I intended to replace the daggerboard with a pivoting centreboard, the area along the centreline was reinforced with two pieces of 5mm ply laminated to the bottom as shown in *photograph 9*. Laminate them *in situ* and with a narrow cutout along the centreline. The forward end of these pieces will need to be cut through to allow for the vee of the hull. Take care to get them straight on the centreline.

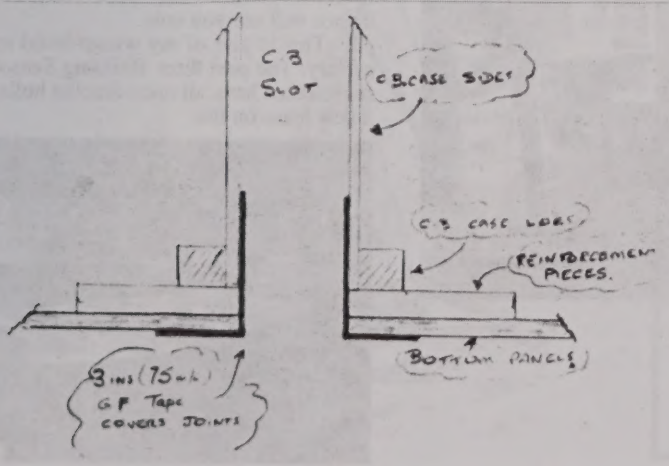
11. The slot must now be opened up to the correct width, again ensuring that it is straight and in line with the centreline of the hull. Turn the boat over. *(You'll be good at this by now.)* Clean up the slot on the outside *(Photograph 10)*.

12. Turn the boat over, install the new centreboard case, using the old thwart to assist location, and hold in correct position *(Photograph 11)*. Carefully 'tack' in place with small blobs of epoxy resin. If you are satisfied, finish the installation with good epoxy fillets using a filleting blend for strength. When this has set, you will need to seal the bottom of the centreboard slot edges by using 3in *(75mm)* - wide tape as the sketch shows *(bottom left)*. Ensure this covers about 1 inch of the bottom panels and 2 ins up into the centreboard case. When satisfied, now is the time to fit the slot gasket and keelband before making good the paintwork.

15. For the last time turn the boat back upright, install the centreboard and make and fit the new thwart and centreboard covers.

Time to put the boat in the water and check for leaks. *MB*

(Many thanks to DCA Member David Sumner for his willingness to share his centreboard design and make useful suggestions.)



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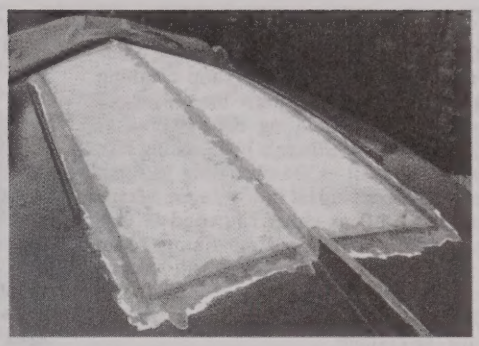

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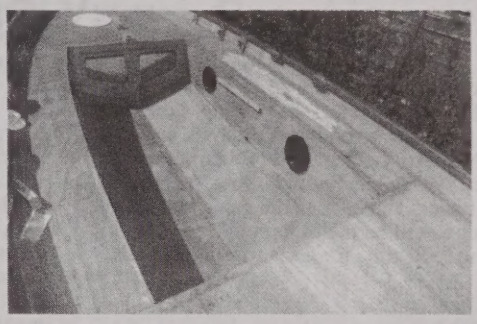

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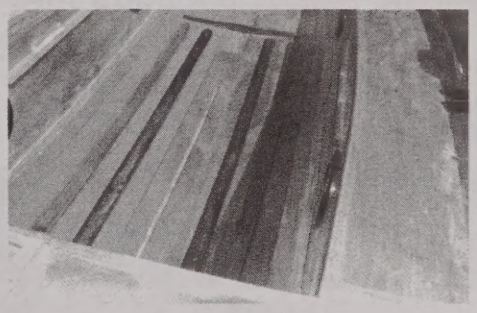

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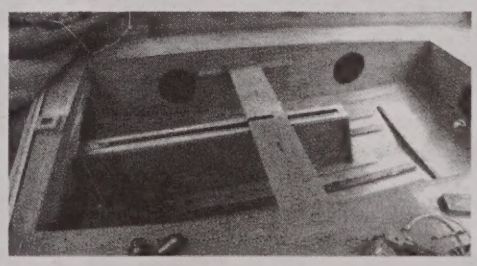

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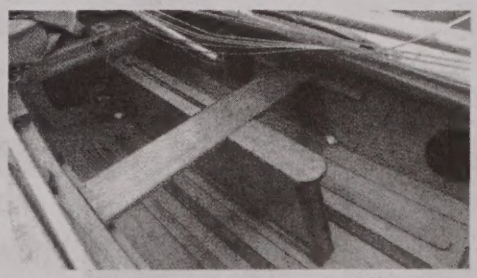


The Moaning Chair

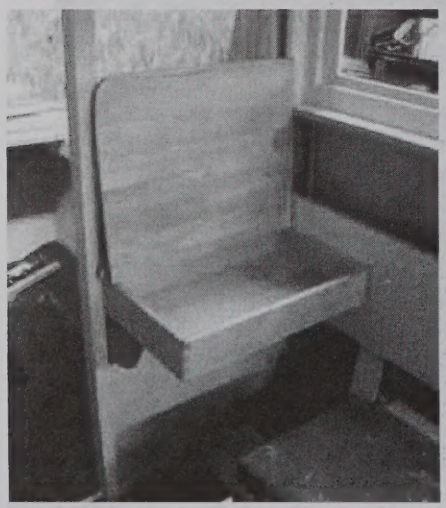
By Dan Rogers

That Old Devil, Momentum

Coming on the heels of a tractor overhaul marathon, and a winter shop cleaning marathon, getting back into the swing of things in the boat building department has been a bit iffy. Since there's just nothing else that works as well as simply going to work I finally gathered up a few refugee scraps that didn't go off as either firewood or in a dump run. The remains of our dining room table from *Fiddler's Green* were still stacked in a corner, awaiting some sort of meaningful fate. I think I already used the legs to make a table for the cottage.

Anyhow, *Roughneck* now has a lift-lid chart table/reading desk/one-place dining table. And, there's a two-compartment and one-small-drawer cabinet that should suffice for galley space. The swing stove will hang just forward and the "sink will be a dish tub. Not terribly elegant. But then, the boat's name IS *Roughneck*.

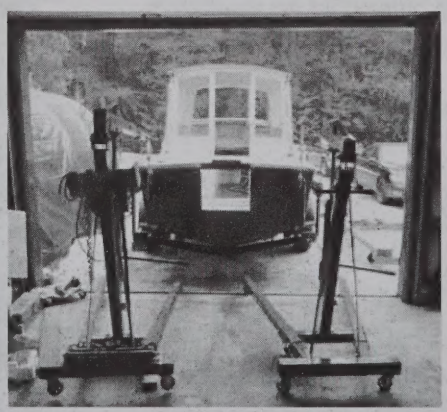
I guess I'm back in the game and I think the snow will be melting pretty soon. So it's getting to be time for a sea trial. Real soon.



***Roughneck* Finally Sees Daylight.**

This was that unbudgeted, unplanned, but certainly not unloved boat project that was "allowed" a six-week niche on the building schedule. That was back in November. Somehow, six weeks turned into four months. But, after a great deal of fretting, and even more grunting and groaning, *Roughneck* emerged from the shop today and reluctantly clambered on to her trailer. She's too tall to lift inside the barn so this all had to be done outside.

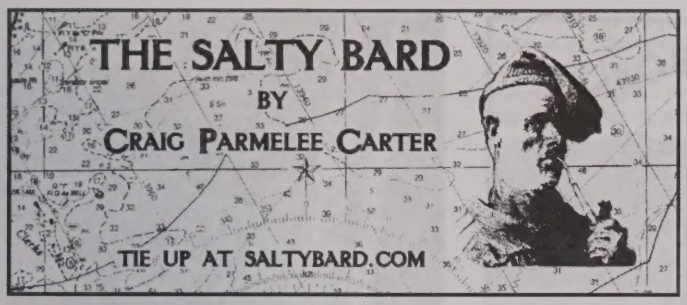
Somehow, I managed to break at least one of the casters under the building cradle. A set of heavy-duty vehicle movers got plugged in, and she more or less was willing to roll from the nice warm shop out into a world still piled with snow. Some 3/4" anchor warps, two 4,000lb mobile cranes, two floor jacks, and *Little Alice*, with her own trailer ball and hydraulic lift up forward, persuaded the (much heavier than I have been assuming) boat to take this rather large leap of faith.



And as a bit of reminder that we do in fact inhabit that frozen north netherworld here of Almostcanada, this is *Roughneck* parked in front of a 10' high snow pile on March 8. Float testing and engine mounting will have to wait for less-solid water at the launch ramp.

Tomorrow is the first day of daylight savings time; which means spring is all but here! Time to get *Roughneck* off to storage and get the "first up" boat into the shop. That would be *Lady Bug*. She's been scheduled for a bit of a facelift for the past two years. Time to get to gettin'. OK. Miss *Lady Bug*, the doctor will see you now…..

This is part of my winter-build rogues' gallery. The past three Building Seasons are represented here, all once-derelict hulls given a new lease on life.



Spring

It's finally April, there's spring in the air
Though winter seemed endless, we're finally there
It's gotten so warm that you don't need a coat
You load up the ladder and head to the boat.

You arrive at the boatyard, but you're not the first
The crew's there before you and they've all conversed
Winter is over, on that they decide
You cut off the shrinkwrap and toss it aside.

Fill up the buckets, the water's turned on
Scrubbing the topsides you better have brawn
You're going to need it, when it's time to wax
Can't do it right without breaking our backs.

On to the brightwork, now that's lots of fun
You should strip and start over, it'll look great when it's done
They say it's an art form; it's something like Zen
You swore after last time you wouldn't do it again.

The bottom is scrubbed and you're ready to paint
A trip to the chandlery makes you feel faint
The choices are many, the prices sky-high
Is what's left on the bottom enough to get by?

You've got her near ready, and you can't resist
The office is open, you sign the launch list
Then lying in bed you begin to recall
All the things left to do, now you can't sleep at all.

Like lubing the seacocks and changing the zinc.
If you forget the bilge drain plug, my god, she could sink!
These things need completing, you're under the gun
You can call out on Monday and get them all done.

Just a couple of weekends and man, does she shine
She's ready for splashing, crack open the wine!
She sure is enchanting, just like a good book
You can hardly resist taking just one more look.

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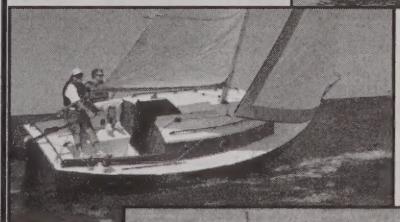
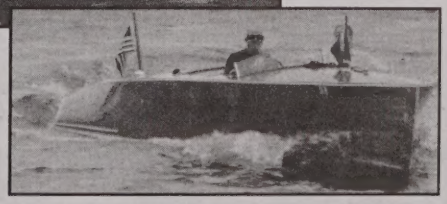
I will NEVER build another boat unless it's a Glen-L design."
–Kevin



"Your plans for the Amigo are remarkable. Very complete & accurate."
–Mark



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Well the *Pogo* is coming along nicely, that's the Michalak Pickup Squared that I am building. When I left you the hull was pretty much assembled and I had the decks on and the framing around the hatches all in place. Time to move on to several small parts.

I started with the foils and rudder head. These parts were all built up from layered plywood. The rudder head is made from three thicknesses of 5mil Baltic birch. This was left over from a previous job. It is very stable wood, I like using it. I sawed out the parts with a saber saw a little oversized, cut some fiberglass pieces that just covered them and laminated the stack with epoxy putting a sheet of glass between each layer of wood. This stack got clamped together all around the edges and set aside to cure.

The rudder blade is two thicknesses also of Baltic Birch put together the same way with glass and epoxy. I never really trusted foils made from plywood and I feel that the addition of some glass makes it much stronger. It also adds weight and reduces the need for adding lead.

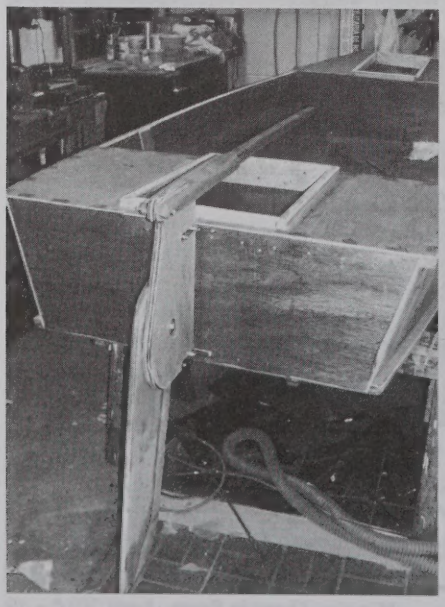
The leeboard was done the same way, but no more birch so it was made from the same lauan underlayment as the hull. This foil is three thicknesses with glass between.

After the resin was cured well, I trimmed the parts to their final shapes with the saber saw. I rounded the edges of the foils with a belt sander then glassed the leading edges of both foils. I did this with the boards clamped upright in my Work Mate bench. I draped a 6" wide length of cloth over the leading edge and wet it out there. When the rudder blade and leeboard were cured I hung them from hooks in the ceiling and epoxied the complete exterior of both boards and the rudder head.

I mounted the pintles on the rudder head temporarily and hung it in the gudgeons, also temporarily. They will come back off for the painting and when replaced they will get some type of sealer around the bolts to make them waterproof.

When I assembled the rudder blade and head I discovered that the blade didn't pivot because it bound up on the screws that held the lower pintles. I made a wooden disk and used it as a spacer epoxied to the rudder head and that problem was solved.

The rudder assembly and also the progress to date.



BOB'S BOATS BUILDING & REPAIR

In My Shop

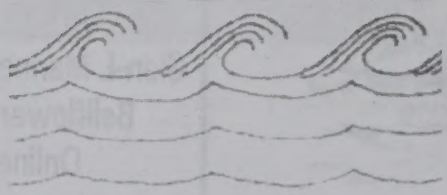
By Mississippi Bob

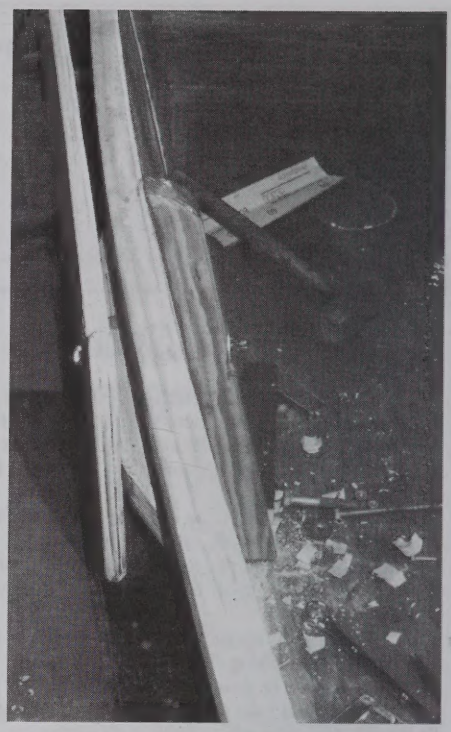
I needed a support for the leeboard so iut was off to the lumber yard to get a pretty good fir 2"x4". This will also form the mast step and deck partner. I sawed a section long enough to make the support block, pointed the ends as Jim shows in the plans and then, with my power jointer, planed the 15° angle on the long edge that will match the angle of the side. I held this piece in place where it will end up and drew a pencil line to match the curve of the side.

I needed to remove 1/4" of hard fir from the center of this block so over to the table saw for this job. Setting the saw real shallow I began cutting kerfs near the center of the angled side, reducing the depth of the cut as I worked toward the ends. I finished this shaping with a wood chisel and finished it up with the belt sander. The board will pivot on a 3/8" bolt so I needed to bore a hole straight through the block. I set it up in my drill press vise, squared the block up well and drilled a 3/8" hole. This leeboard mount also includes a 2"x2" stiffener on the inside of the skin at a right angle to the block on the outside. I made this from fir also and drilled with the same drill bit set up in the drill press with a 15° angle.

I now bolted both of these parts through a hole that I drilled 6" down from the gunnels at the widest point of the boat. I lined the parts up well, then drew a pencil line around them and drilled pilot holes for the screws that would hold it together, starting with the end ones. After the end screws were in I drilled and countersunk all the holes.

The screws for the support were driven from the inside and the ones for the vertical brace from the outside. When all the screw holes were drilled, I removed the screws and coated both parts with a good coating of epoxy. I then added some wood flour to the remaining epoxy and coated the surface that went against the hull. As I replaced the screws and tightened them, a bit of the thickened epoxy squished out. I am always happy to see that as I feel that I am getting a good bond. With my gloved finger I spread this excess and made a fillet from it.





The support assembly.

The time had come to think about a sail. The boat will need one and in my simple mind I thought, "why not make one?" OK so I don't have a decent sewing machine or a good place to use it. Time to call my friend Tim. Tim and I were co-workers at a couple of jobs going back nearly twenty years. Tim has gotten into mending sails and building new ones. He has opened a sail shop in a rented warehouse and built a sail loft there.

He built a platform about chest high where the magic could happen. Under this stage he has storage space for lots of fabric and all the hardware he need to do the work.

There is a cutout near the middle of one side where the sewing machine is mounted. The machine sits at the same height as the surface of the stage. This make for easy sewing.

OK lets get started. First I chose a color system. I chose a bright orange fabric and a white contrasting center piece. I want to be seen. We started at the clew. Tim took an awl and poked it through the bail of a measuring tape and measured the length of the foot. He used another awl to mark the tack and poked it through another tape. This tape measured the luff. The first tape now measured the diagonal dimension and where it intersected with the luff. A third awl got put in at this intersection and another tape came into play. Now the first tape measured the leach and the third one did the head. Where these two points intersected became the peak. A forth awl went into the soft stage top and we had the sail shape nailed down. We put all the tapes away and used a carpenter's string that got run around all four awls. This was our sail shape.

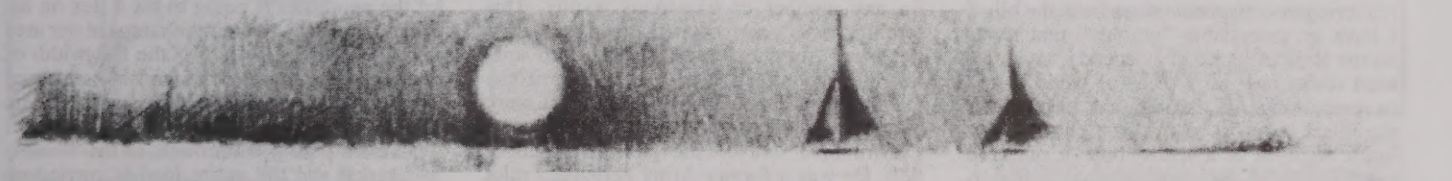
We pulled a roll of the orange sailcloth under the string and lined it up with the leach. We cut it a little oversized, then brought out the white fabric and filled in the center section and trimmed it a little oversized. One last section of orange for the forward part and we had all the sail panels.

Tim read the plans carefully at this point and laid out the overlapping seams. The overlap is greater at the top and bottom and nearly uniform across the center of the sail. This creates the pocket of the sail.

He very carefully laid on a section of double sided tape and laid out the broad seams using this tape to hold it together. We slide the sail blank out from under the string and rolled it up to be sewed.

After Tim sewed the seams we put the sail back under the strings and with the use of a baton we drew the curved lines for the rounds and hollow. They got penciled on and we put away the string and awls. At this point we made a big change from Jim's plans, we didn't hem the edges, we used sail edge tape. I trimmed the sail to it's final shape while Tim was creasing a length of 3" sail tape to half-width that would be long enough to go completely around the sail. We cut some reinforcing patches for each corner, three layers of the orange sailcloth made from the scraps we had cut off earlier. They got sewed on and then we installed the edge tape, again using the double sided tape to hold things until Tim sewed it on with a double stitch.

The rest was up to me. I put a #1 grommet into each corner and measured the space between the grommets on the head and foot and with a little fourth grade math I came up with a number just under 10" to space out the #0 grommets that completed the sail.



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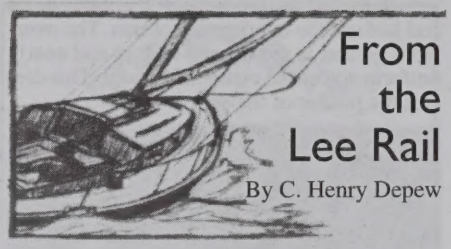

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

A number of boating related magazines have articles on various boating accidents. In most cases, the information presented is based on the accident reports (and sometimes eyewitness accounts). If you become involved in a boating accident, regardless of whether you are at fault or the victim of the event, you will need to fill out an accident report and this report is a very important piece of paper! It could be the grounds for further action against you or of assistance if you have a claim. You need to make sure that the report notes when and where the incident occurred, what happened and the names of any witnesses. While it may not be that easy at the time, the report should be as neutral as possible, stick only to the facts that can be proven.

There is a national report form provided by the US Coast Guard at http://www.uscgboating.org/assets/1/Publications/cg3865barform2008.pdf. You are asked to provide an extensive amount of information to complete the form. You might want to download the form simply to see how much of the requested information about you and your boat you have available in case it is ever needed. You might also want to check and see if your state has a required form.

Do you have long needle nose pliers in your toolbox? They come in handy for retrieving non magnetic items from the bilge. I have an extendable "grabber" that never seems to work quite as needed. I have also used sticky tape on a piece of wood or rod to reach things. If the item can be reached, the pliers seem to be the best choice for a quick retrieval of a screw, bolt or nut. The extra length of the pliers is what is important. If you do not have such a device, you can lengthen the "needle" part of the pliers with a couple pieces of wood or metal and some tape. Tape the extensions to the pliers and then try again. I once taped a pair of flat wooden chopsticks to lengthen my pliers and they worked nicely.

You are driving your car, or operating your boat, and you come to a junction. You ask the person with the map (chart) "left?" They reply "right." Which is it, left is right or you should turn right? Confusion in communication can lead to problems. This is why we have "port" and "starboard" for left and right given the direction the boat is heading. "Port" comes from larboard which comes from ladeboard for the side of the vessel that was secured to the pier or other structure to protect the steering oar (steerboard) from damage while loading cargo.

Experience indicated that people could confuse larboard and steerboard (which had become starboard along the way) resulting in any number of hazardous results. This problem was resolved with the designation of "port" for the left side and "starboard" for the right side of the vessel (in most circumstances). One of my colleagues at work always replied to directional questions as "affirmative" to avoid the question of right or left. He was a former Army helicopter pilot and learned to use that phrase to avoid confusion in combat.

An interesting concept that I never saw in the marine marketplace was a portable cleat for your boat that used a gunwale rod holder for the tie point. You stick it in and the cleat is there for horizontal pull. There was a locking pin included to help with vertical pull, but the main problem seemed to be the strength of the decking around the hole for the rod holder (minimal backing plate, if any). The idea was patented (#2002/0170480 according to an article by Joe Friedman in the July 2003 issue of *Boating Magazine*), so if you decide to try the idea out you might not want to publicize your activity.

Most of us work to maintain our boats. How many of us take time to maintain the place where the boat is moored? If the boat is secured to a float, are the cleats tight, does the platform float as high as it should, etc? One item that is sometimes ignored with floating platforms is the ramp to the float. A neighbor had his ramp break at the hinge point at the seawall and put a person into the hospital. It was fortunate that they fell toward the float as the landside of the ramp went into the water. Getting the injured person back to dry land and the ambulance required an extension latter to get from the seawall to the float, four people to slide the person on the stretcher up the ladder and some very careful coordination among those involved.

I had my ramp rebuilt last year and one of the neighbors is going to fix a flex on his ramp "shortly." Most of the ramps in our area use a ¾" waterpipe across the full width of the ramp and through the landside anchored supports for the hinge. Most failures seem to be on the top portion of the ramp stringer where the pipe goes through, as the wood is weakened and the entire load is carried on that part of the stringer or the landside support's anchors fail. If you have a float with a ramp, take a look at the connection at the hinge and the supports thereto.

The Adventure Omelet

To my taste a good adventure read artfully blends three ingredients. There's the adventure of course. But no matter how dramatic the experience was to the author, the reader's interest lags with day after day, page after page of "gale force winds... towering seas... cabin in shambles..." At least mine does. I want something about the author, his or her reaction to the experience, reflections upon it as well as past experiences. After all, *Canterbury Tales* wasn't simply a travelogue or road guide for pilgrims. The road to Canterbury was a frame for pictures of personalities.

Our own adventures serve us similarly, to frame what we feel, think and remember. Unfortunately, in this day of confessional talk shows, some go overboard here. But I don't want the ghosts from dysfunctional childhoods or unraveling relationships to be the main protagonist on the boat or mountain trail. After all, the ghost wasn't the main character in Hamlet and Shakespeare got things right. So a little balance please: cheese not to exceed eggs. The third ingredient is context, some background on history, local culture, natural environment. Background shouldn't overwhelm, otherwise we've got a history book or nature guide. But like bell peppers, context adds color and flavor. In fact, besides the physical challenge of long ocean crossings the literary challenge is to add flavor and color where contact with culture and wildlife is remote.

A fourth ingredient, while nonessential, earns extra credit with me (and often bores others). I appreciate a certain amount of gear discussion especially when there's an emotional aspect. I'm not a gear head, just a romantic gear head. I enjoy the pleasure Maurice Griffiths takes in the cheery glow of his bogey stove. I get a kick out of the Seagull outboard on Michael Poole's canoe. "The Monster", as the author names it, saves him from adverse wind and current at the same time that it forces him to don earmuffs. That says something about the author as well as about Seagull outboards.

My favorite digression on gear combines all three ingredients of a good adventure omelet. There's some adventure, not exactly OSHA approved. There's the sailors' reactions. And here's historical and cultural comment:

"We ignored the engine. In the warm light of the oil lamps it crouched behind the cabin steps like a sullen idol, affecting us with a mysterious malevolence. It was an ancient two-stroke of 1908 vintage known as a B.B., and we could think of no better appellation. It had a single tall cylinder like a rusty church tower, said to muster 8hp and carried on its side a snapping contrivance called a makeandbreak which was fed from an accumulator. The immense flywheel held on its rim a solid brass starting handle, and when the engine did run this handle whirled round and round like a Catherine wheel ready to catch any unwary trouser leg in its grasp.

For no reason then clear to us this iron monolith when running would suddenly backfire and reverse itself, then back again, first ahead then astern to the puzzlement of the man at the helm, and then stop with a muffled explosion inside the crankcase which rocked the engine on its bearers and shook the whole boat. It fascinated and appalled us, and it was only the following winter when an understanding engineer took the cylinder off that the cause came to light. Whoever had last assembled the monster had put the ridged piston the wrong way round, so that hot exhaust gases were encouraged to explode the incoming mixture from the crankcase instead of escaping in good time through the exhaust ports.

'The petrol tank's empty anyway,' remarked Jay with a touch of relief in his voice..."

I have thought that there must be something a little mad about all of us who voluntarily go to sea in little ships for pleasure.

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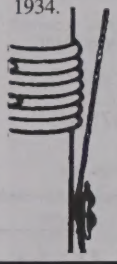

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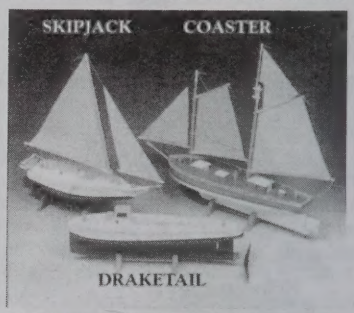

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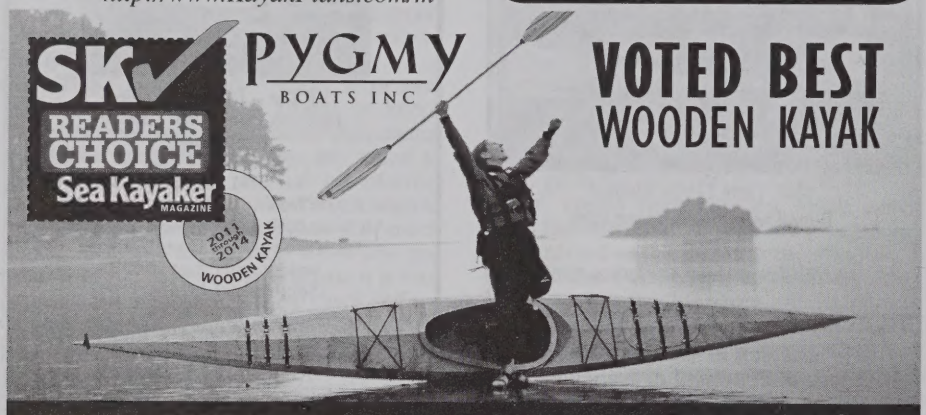

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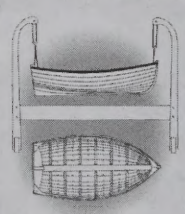

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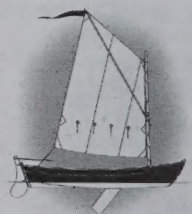

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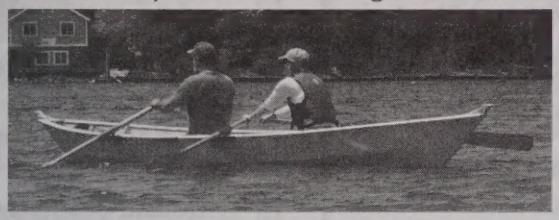

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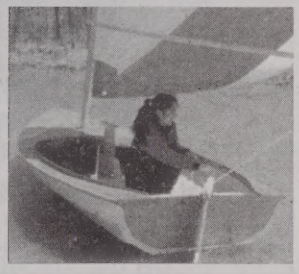

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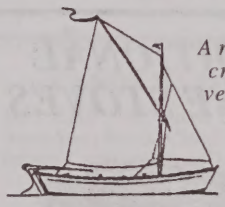

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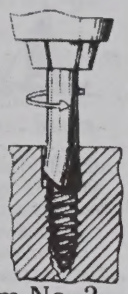

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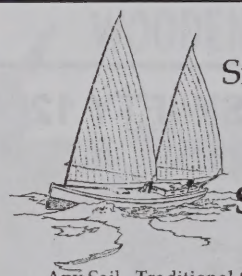

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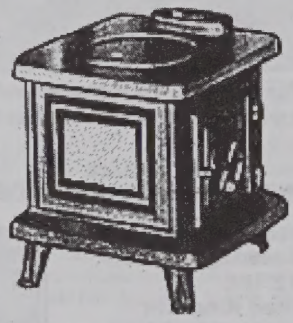

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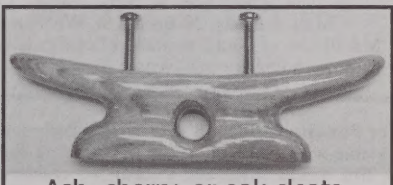

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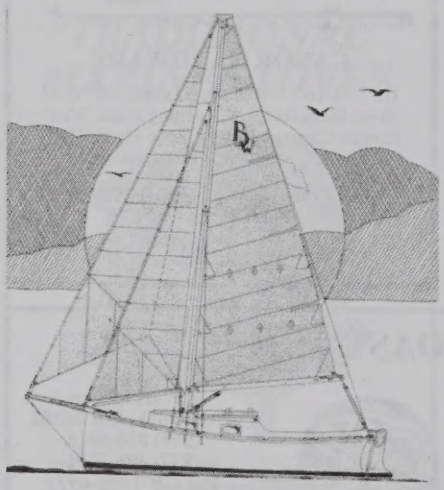

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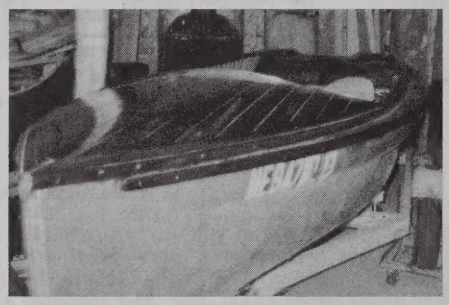

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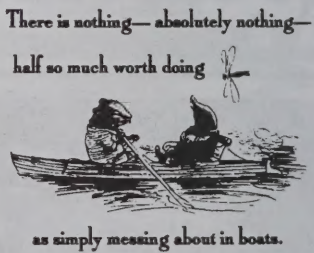

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..THE HULL TOOK A GOOD WHACK AS AN UNEXPECTED SWELL RAMMED US INTO THE BREAKWALL...
...WHILE THE BOAT WAS IN STORAGE, HEAVY SNOW BROUGHT DOWN THE BARN'S ROOF AND SMASHED ITS CABIN "ALL TO FLINDERS"....
...OH YES, THE RADIO DOESN'T WORK....
DIDN'T YOU SAY THE BEST ROUTE TO HALF MOON ISLAND IS TO SAIL THROUGH THE NARROWS AT LOW TIDE?....
YES, INDEED, TOOK MY SLOOP THAT WAY LAST WEEKEND....
...WELL, WE TRIED IT AND ENDED UP WITH SIGNIFICANT HULL DAMAGE AND WATER INGRESS....
HEY! ME TOO!
WHY ARE YOU MOPING?
THE REPAIRS ON MY BOAT ARE NOT DONE....
...IS THIS FROM THE TIME YOUR MAST GOT STUCK UNDER THE ISLAND BRIDGE?...
NO!
...WHEN IT OVERTURNED IN THE CHANNEL BECAUSE TOO MANY PEOPLE WERE ONBOARD?...
NO!
...WELL, I SUPPOSE, IF IT AIN'T FIXED YOU CAN'T BREAK IT!
SLAM
KRUNG
Wak
...I TAKE A MOMENT JUST TO GET A LITTLE SUN AND YOU GO AND DESTROY OUR BOAT RAMMING IT INTO THE DOCK....
...TAKE IT EASY HONEY, THERE'S NOT EVEN A SCRATCH ON IT....
...THEN YOU MADE ALL THAT NOISE FOR NOTHING?...

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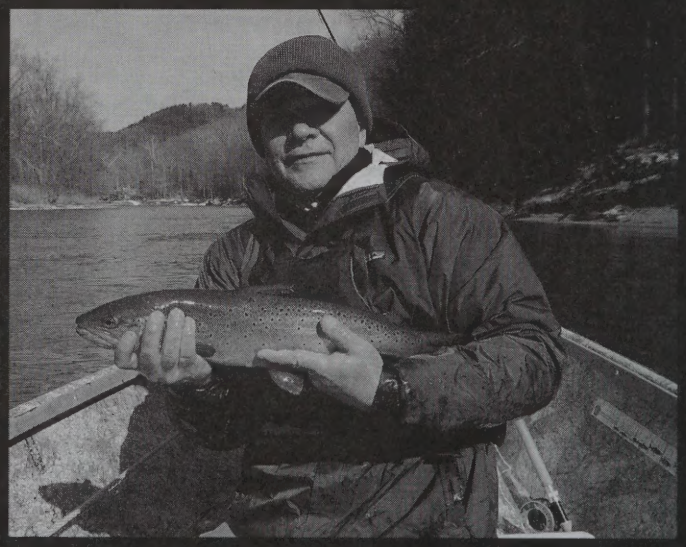
ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

My Vermont Fishing Dory arrived yesterday. Althou anxious for its arrival, the day had overcome me, I was on a business call and stressed when the doorbell rang with Justin and Ian and their trailer fu of boats outside. "WOW" was all I could say.

I had never seen one in person. I had looked at pictures 100's of times this long winter, yet was not prepare for the shocking difference of seeing one in person. I think the second words out of my mouth were "If I see this in person last fall, I would have just purchased it then and there".

I would like to personally thank Justin and Ian. As brother's in blood and business I hope they have fond memories of their road trip through the midwest, during one of the coldest winters in decades. Soon the ice and snow will melt and I will be fly fishing from my V.F.D.

A line from the Pixar movie "Up!" comes to mind, "I just met you and I already love you." That is how I feel each time I venture into my garage with a cup of coffee and spend a little time with the my new boat.....sprin and open water are just around the corner. It's so nice to see that a company such as this, with design and workmanship at such high levels, still exists in the U.S. of A. Safe travels, Ian and Justin Bill Ingersoll



If you would like a color copy of the photo to the right, ...shoot an e-mail to guideboat@together.net.

Bill's trout sure is a beauty.

UPCOMING SHOWS

As of this writing, mid-March, we don't have any shows scheduled for this spring. Which isn't to say that we won't be doing some, we just don't know what they are right now. Our website is usually the best source for info on this.

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